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AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE military and political proceedings on the American continent are very interesting just now. For the first time since the beginning of the war, there seems to have been some chance of peace. The chance, to be sure, is not a very good one, and appears to have come to nothing; but if it be a sign of war when two rival nations talk incessantly of fighting, we have a right, when two actual combatants are constantly putting forward projects of peace, to conclude that the time for peace-making is, somehow or other, approaching.

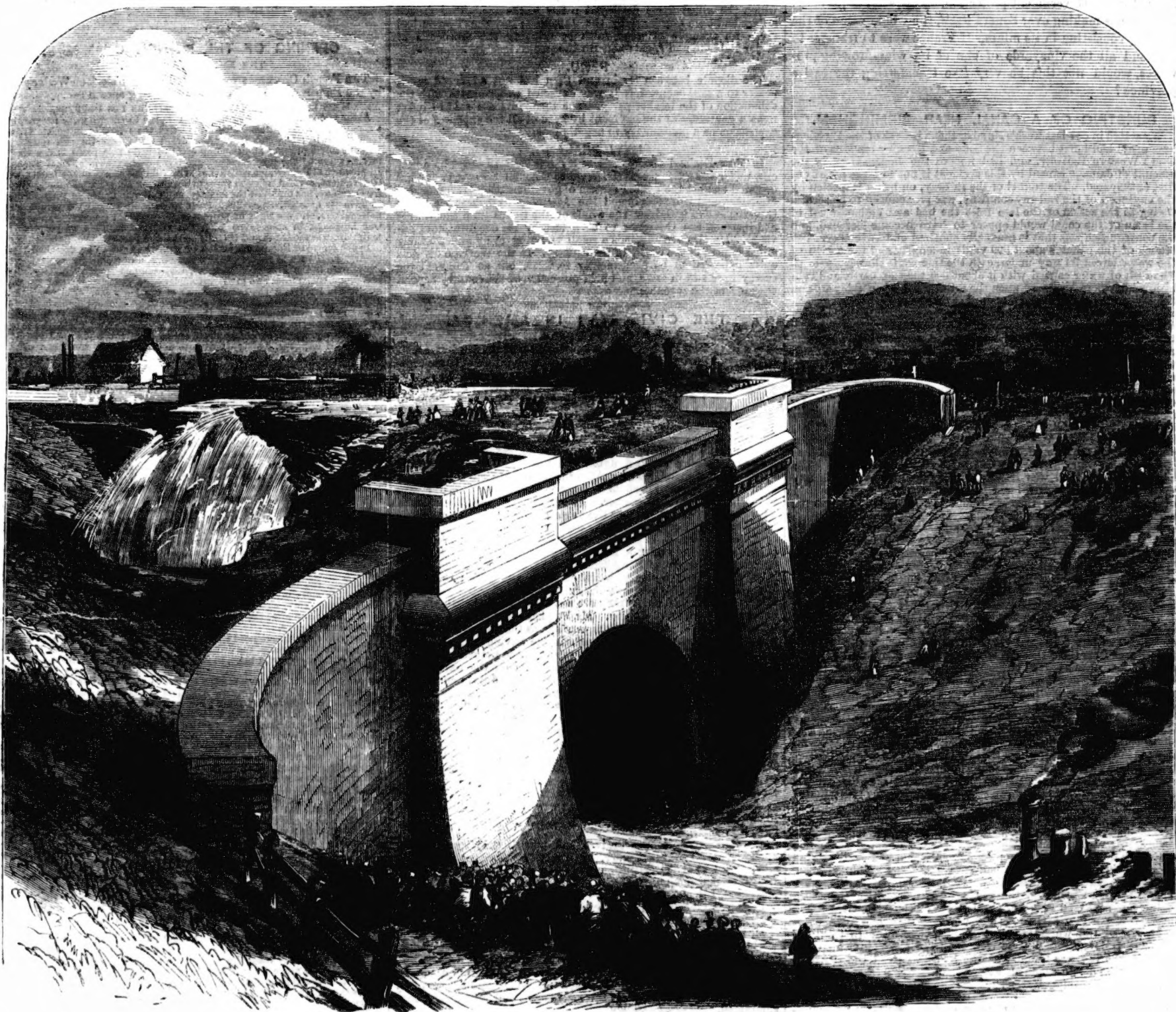
Strangely enough, the road to peace in America lies in two entirely different directions; but to each the starting-point is the supposed cession of a portion of Mexico to France. If France, it is argued, establishes herself on the frontier of the Confederacy, she must mean to form an alliance with the Confederates, and, if necessary, to declare war against the Northern American States. In such a contingency as this, it is taken for granted, by Southern writers, that the North, unable to vanquish the South when the South was unsupported,

would admit the utter impossibility of overcoming it with France for its ally. Peace then would be signed, and the Southern Confederacy would be allowed to exist as a separate State without further molestation from the Northern Federals.

From this Southern supposition let us turn to the Northern hypothesis. The North, also, assumes that the sovereignty of certain Mexican provinces has been assigned to France. Indeed, the Northern journals positively affirm that the transfer has already been formally made. The natural consequence of this, as it appears to them, would be to rouse the indignation of the Confederates, who, rather than permit a strong European Power to gain a hold, however small, on any portion of American territory, would forget their differences with the Northerners, and reunite with them to drive the Frenchmen into the sea.

Only a certain number of Northern journals, however, write in this strain. Many of them declare as confidently as ever that the North is able, in spite of all obstacles, to subdue

the South; and that it will accomplish this work in its own fashion, and in a very short time. But both in the Northern and Southern States the possibility has been admitted of a reunion, based upon the general desirability of keeping America for the Americans. The South would, of course, prefer independence; but, if this should be impossible to achieve, the *Richmond Enquirer* thinks the Confederacy, in disgust at the apathy of Europe, might be tempted to accept the hand of the North on certain conditions. Thus, it is suggested that the local political independence of the Confederates having once been recognised, the Confederacy and the Federation might sign an offensive and defensive alliance; come to an agreement as to the naval and military force to be kept up by each Government; provide for free personal and commercial intercourse between the two communities; navigate the Mississippi on equal terms—in fact, form a dual State, which should nevertheless act as a unity in its dealings with foreign Powers. We believe, for our part, that the duality of such a State



BURSTING OF THE CANAL INTO THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY AT SOHO, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

would soon become absolute. The two halves would have separate commercial interests. When one half felt itself particularly aggrieved, it would, perhaps, not suit the other half to go to war. With a separate army, too, the South would be able at any time to recommence a contest from which nothing but exhaustion will compel it now to withdraw.

In the meanwhile this league between North and South is a project discussed only by the journals. The Governments, as a matter of course, are still, on each side, confident of success. The Confederate Congress is about to issue an address calling upon the inhabitants of the South to remain firm, and promising them independence as the certain result of the sacrifices they are making and must continue to make.

On the other hand, General Sherman urges the North to make preparations as if for a four years' war; in which case, he adds, the war will not last four months. This is like telling the North, in oracular language, to "fight with energy, and it will be sure to conquer." If any country went to war with any other country, and at starting collected enough material and a sufficient number of men to keep up the contest for four years, then, falling upon the enemy with this quadruple force, the rich and provident country would no doubt make short work of its adversary. But how are such preparations to be made by a Government already so deeply involved in financial difficulty as that of Federal America? The fact is, preparations on so stupendous a scale were never made by any Government in the world. If the Americans of the North could have foreseen that their war with the South would last four years, we may safely say that they would never have begun it. In all probability, they would make peace now if they thought there was any likelihood of war continuing for four years longer. But, not anticipating such a continuance, how is it possible they can think of preparing for it?

The French official and semi-official journals persist, as might have been expected, in denying that any cession of Mexican territory to France has been made, or is even contemplated; and, if there is no probability of France founding a colony on the American continent, the project of reconciliation based upon that supposed intention naturally disappears. The only thing certain about the matter seems to be that a number of mines in Sonora have been made over either to the French Government or to French companies formed under Government protection. This, after all, is much the same as making over Sonora itself, the whole value of the country consisting in its mines. If France were to transfer to England all the vineyards of one of its wine-growing provinces, would not this be very like transferring the entire province?

BURSTING OF A CANAL NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

We stated in our last week's Number that a branch of the Birmingham canal had burst between the Soho and Hockley stations of the Great Western Railway, and had flooded the line. Happily the amount of damage caused by this accident is not so large as was at first anticipated. The tunnel of the railway, on being inspected by the engineers of the railway company, was pronounced to be secure. Owing to the action of the late frost the bed and embankment of the basin of the canal would appear to have become loosened, and the consequence was that it gradually subsided and gave way. The branch of the canal is about 300 yards in length, and the action of the water forced its way underneath the side walls that support it. The rush of water carried with it about 600 tons of earth and rubbish, which were scattered upon the railway for some ten yards on the Birmingham side of the tunnel. At the time of the canal embankment giving way a boatload of coal was being drawn into the basin by a couple of horses. The force of the water rushing down the broken embankment sent the boat along at a great speed; but the men managed without much difficulty to jump from the boat on to the side of the towing-path. The boat came to a stand just opposite the breach formed in the embankment of the canal. The stream ran with considerable force down the line in the direction of the Hockley Railway station. The station is surrounded by a brick wall, of which the force of the water carried away about 20 ft. It then inundated the Park-road and the Lodge-road, but found its level on waste land fronting the latter road, and which was formerly the site of Hockley Brook. The waste land was covered with water to the depth of some feet, and the foot traffic along the Park-road was impeded. Labourers were immediately set to work to clear and repair the railway, and by the evening of the day succeeding that on which the accident occurred the whole line was again open for traffic.

On Friday evening week a more serious accident occurred at another portion of the same canal—that between Birmingham and Worcester—which burst into the Racecourse Colliery, between Dudley and Tipton. In the South Staffordshire district, where the seams of coal are generally from 30 ft. to 40 ft. thick, it often happens that the surface of the ground falls in when all the coal has been worked out underneath. Sometimes the subsidence is gradual; sometimes only a few square yards falls in, and when that is the case a kind of ragged shaft is formed, often many yards in depth. The latter is locally known as "a crowner in." About forty yards from the colliery at which the above-mentioned accident took place there is a branch of the Worcester and Birmingham Canal. On the evening mentioned, about a quarter past six o'clock, the watchman on the pit bank heard some men shouting from the bottom of the shaft, and at once signalled to the engineer to draw them up. There were in the pit five men and a boy, but three only came to the surface. They stated that they heard the "slam" of water from the canal breaking into the pit, and had at once made for the bottom of the shaft, where they signalled to be drawn to the top. They were at work much closer to the bottom than the other two men and the boy, and they had endeavoured, without success, to alarm them when they made their own escape. Some persons immediately made an inspection of the branch of the canal, and found that at a spot exactly opposite to the pit "a crowner in" had destroyed part of the embankment of the canal, and the water had consequently rushed in and flooded the workings of the colliery. The water was soon drawn off by a pumping engine, which had been erected for the purpose of draining some collieries in the neighbourhood, but it was two o'clock on Saturday morning before the place where the two men and the boy were at work when the water rushed in could be reached. The bodies of the men were found in such a position as left little doubt that they had been overwhelmed by the water before they had time even to think of escape. It is surmised, however, from the place in which the body of the lad was found, that he had discovered the situation of matters, and had made an attempt to effect his escape, but was met by the in-rushing waters.

THE DEFICIT in the Pontifical Budget for 1865 is calculated at five millions of Roman crowns (about £1,100,000 sterling).

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Some week or two ago the Papal Nuncio, Monsignore Chigi, sent letters to certain of the French Bishops approving of their opposition to the Government on the subject of the Pope's encyclical. This gave offence to the Emperor, as the Nuncio's conduct was not in accordance with his duty and character of Ambassador; and remonstrances were addressed to the Vatican. Monsignore Chigi's conduct was disavowed by the Pope, and the Nuncio has had to apologise to the French Ruler.

The Emperor's speech in opening the Chambers is the great feature in the news from France. The document will be found at length elsewhere.

ITALY.

King Victor Emmanuel has received a deputation from the municipality of Turin at St. Rosore, Florence. The King accepted the address of the Council, and expressed entire good feeling towards the people of Turin.

Some disturbances have taken place in Padua, chiefly set on foot by the students of the University, several of whom in consequence have been arrested by the authorities.

A Royal decree has been issued authorising the circulation of the encyclical, its accompanying syllabus, and Cardinal Antonelli's circular, reserving, however, the rights of the State and Crown, and without admitting the propositions contained in those documents which may be contrary to the institutions and legislation of the country.

A memorandum has been sent by the Pope to the Russian Government complaining of the suppression of the Catholic convents in Poland, and also of the violation of the Concordat of 1847. One of the secretaries of the Russian Legation has been banished from Rome for three weeks for fighting a duel with a Neapolitan noble. His antagonist has been banished the city for life.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia has addressed a rescript to the Minister of the Interior rebuking the nobility of Moscow for their address to his Majesty calling for reform, which he considers an interference with his prerogative, and expresses a hope that he shall never again meet with similar letters from his faithful nobility.

The Russian Government has issued a series of decrees, the ultimate object of which is nothing less than the actual amalgamation of Poland with Russia. All the existing provincial Governments are suspended, and the several administrative departments are henceforth to be only branches of the ministries at St. Petersburg. Poland is to be divided into twenty-seven departments, each of which is to be under the control of a Prefect. The post of Governor is to be suppressed, and the functions of this office are handed over to the chief of the civil administration and the commander of the troops. Such, at least, is the substance of statements contained in telegrams published in the English daily papers, and in most of the Continental journals; but a telegram from St. Petersburg declares that the statement is totally without foundation.

JAPAN.

The intelligence from Japan is described as being "unsatisfactory," the Mikado having repudiated the convention entered into by his temporal brother, and Prince Nagato having commenced to rebuild the batteries in the Strait of Simonosaki, which the allied fleets destroyed a few weeks ago. Two French sailors had been murdered by the Japanese; but the Tycoon had given an example of good faith by bringing the murderers of Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird to justice.

PERU.

The dispute between Spain and Peru had not advanced much nearer to a settlement, but it was expected to terminate with the submission of the weaker party. The Spaniards are said to insist upon a guarantee of the payment by Peru of all the expenses of the expedition as a preliminary to negotiations.

NEW ZEALAND.

In New Zealand the Fox Ministry has been replaced by a new one, under the guidance of Mr. Weld as Colonial Secretary. He has declared against the double system of government by Governor and Ministers, and will recommend the Assembly to request the Home Government to withdraw the whole of the troops from the colony and instruct the Governor to be guided by his constitutional advisers. He also recommends a small standing army and a strong military post in the centre of the country. In the Waikato districts quiet appeared to be permanently restored, but at Taranaki the enemy were still in arms, and held possession of the country beyond the guns of the redoubts.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

WE have New York advices to the morning of the 5th instant. The most important item of news is, that an informal peace commission, consisting of Vice-President Stephens; Senator R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; and Judge Campbell, had left Richmond for Washington; that they were forwarded to Fortress Monroe in General Grant's despatch-steamer; that they were there met by Mr. Seward, and subsequently by Mr. Lincoln; that a conference of four hours took place on board a steamer anchored in Hampton Roads; and that the parties then separated, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward returning to Washington and the Confederate representatives to Richmond. The conference was regarded as an entire failure, as no agreement could be come to on the questions of return to the Union and independence. This conference had given rise to a great deal of comment; but the general feeling was that no result would immediately flow from any overtures for peace, from whichever side they come. In the House of Representatives, Mr. Ingersoll asked permission to offer a resolution, declaring that, as informal negotiations are now pending between the United States and the so-called Confederate States, it is the emphatic and deliberate opinion of the House that no peace can be made to recognise the traitorous leaders of the rebellion, as they are not entitled to equal rights and immunities with loyal citizens. Mr. Stephens said that he was informed that no negotiations were pending, as the contracting parties had separated without anything admissible having been presented. Mr. Fernando Wood said:—"If, as reported, the peace negotiations have failed in consequence of an indisposition on the part of the rebel authorities to return to their allegiance and duty, and because they refused to unite on the basis of the Constitution, so far as they represented the peace sentiment, he would not sustain them in their position. If the President threw the door open, and the answer was separation, and recognition, and nothing else, so far as his efforts were concerned, he should aid in conquering the enemy's country, and obtain by force what they were unable to obtain by peace."

The New York *Daily News* Washington correspondent says it was well understood in that city that the Confederate Government had received an assurance of an early French recognition. The object of the commissioners from Richmond was to give Lincoln a chance to anticipate Napoleon's action by granting the recognition offered by the French.

The House of Representatives had passed the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, by a vote of 115 against 56. This amendment of the Constitution had been ratified by several State Legislatures, including those of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Illinois, &c.

President Lincoln had been serenaded at Washington, and made a speech in which he said that the passage of the amendment abolishing slavery was an occasion of congratulation for the whole world. He thought the measure was a fitting, if not indispensable, adjunct to the winding-up of the great difficulty. He wished the reunion of the States to be so effected as to remove all causes of future disturbance. "The emancipating proclamation," said Mr. Lincoln, "falls short of what the amendment will effect when consummated."

The Senate had passed the joint resolution declaring Virginia,

North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee not entitled to representation in the Electoral College.

The House of Representatives had passed a bill for the construction of a ship canal around the Niagara Falls, and also for the Illinois Michigan Canal. The latter will enable gun-boats to pass from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan.

A coloured lawyer had been admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court at Washington.

A resolution had been introduced in the Confederate Congress, and referred to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, declaring that the time may not be distant when the Confederate States will be prepared to unite on the basis of independence with those most interested in vindicating the Monroe doctrine.

The crew of the Florida had been released from Fort Warren, and had sailed for Halifax, Nova Scotia.

WAR NEWS.

Despatches from Macon, Georgia, of the 28th ult., to the Richmond papers state that Sherman's army moved from Savannah on the 17th in three columns; one advanced towards Charleston to co-operate with Foster, and the others by parallel roads towards Branchville. The latest accounts from General Sherman state that he was still advancing into South Carolina. The Confederate General Hill had ordered all non-combatants away from Augusta, in anticipation of an attack.

Accounts from Hilton Head report that the forces advancing upon Charleston, under Foster, were within forty miles of that city on the 28th ult.; but Confederate despatches to the 30th state that all attempts by Foster to cross the Combahee had been repulsed. A portion of Porter's fleet had arrived at Charleston.

Savannah was twice fired on the night of the 27th ult. On the second occasion the flames reached a magazine, which exploded, spreading the fire in all directions. According to latest accounts, 225 buildings, besides the arsenal, had been destroyed by the conflagration, which was supposed to have been kindled by some of Wheeler's cavalry for the purpose of rendering the city untenable by the Federal troops.

The Federals had opened a passage 100 ft. wide through the obstructions in the main ship channel of the Savannah River, enabling vessels of the largest class to come up to the city.

All soldiers in the field hospitals of the army of the Potomac had been sent to City Point, which had given rise to a rumour of an intended forward movement by General Grant. A Federal force, numbering, it is said, from 6000 to 10,000 men, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery, was moving up the Chowan River towards Weldon. There had been frequent cheering among the Confederates in front of Petersburg for several days. The reason was unknown.

The situation at Wilmington, on the 30th ult., was unchanged. The Confederates were still in force in the Federal front.

The Federal Government had seized several steamers at Cairo to ascend the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers to transport Thomas's army to a new base of operations.

Richmond papers state that Lee had not yet been appointed to the chief command, nor had Johnston been reinstated. President Davis had addressed a letter to the Virginia Legislature, in which he explained that it was in accordance with General Lee's own wish that his services were confined to the command of the army of Northern Virginia; and promising that whenever it should appear to be for the public advantage that General Lee should assume the control of all the armies of the Confederate States he should at once be appointed to the post.

OPENING OF THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE French Chambers were opened at one o'clock on Wednesday, by the Emperor, who delivered the following speech:—

MESSEURS LES SENATEURS, MESSEURS LES DEPUTES, At the period of your former meeting I hoped to smooth away for you, by a congress, the difficulties which threatened the repose of Europe. It has been otherwise: I regret it, for the sword often cuts through questions without solving them; and the only basis of a durable peace is the satisfaction given by the agreement of Sovereigns to the true interests of peoples. In presence of the conflict which has arisen on the shores of the Baltic, my Government, divided between its sympathies for Denmark and its goodwill for Germany, has observed the strictest neutrality. Called to a conference to give its opinion, it confined itself to making prevail the principle of nationalities, and the right of peoples to be consulted concerning their fate. Our language, in accordance with the reserved attitude we purposed to maintain, was moderate and friendly to the two parties.

In the centre of Europe the action of France ought to be exercised more resolutely. I wish to render possible the solution of a difficult problem. The Convention of the 15th of September, disentangled from passionate interpretations, consecrates two great principles—the strengthening of the new kingdom of Italy, and the independence of the Holy See. The provisional and precarious state which excited so many alarms is about to disappear. It is no longer separate members of the Italian country seeking to be united, by feeble bonds, to a little State situated at the foot of the Alps; it is a great country, which, elevating itself above local prejudices, and scorning thoughtless impulses, boldly transports its capital to the heart of the Peninsula, and places it in the midst of the Apennines as an impregnable citadel. By that act of patriotism Italy constitutes herself definitively, and, at the same time, reconciles herself with Catholicity. She engages to respect the independence of the Holy See, to protect the frontiers of the Roman States, and thus permits us to withdraw our troops. The Pontifical territory, efficaciously guaranteed, is placed under the safeguard of a treaty, which solemnly binds the two Governments. The Convention is not, then, an arm of war, but a work of peace and conciliation.

In Mexico the new throne is becoming consolidated; the country is being pacified, its immense resources are being developed—happy effect of the valour of our soldiers, the good sense of the Mexican population, and the intelligence and energy of the Sovereign.

In Japan our marine, united to that of England, Holland, and the United States, has given a new proof of what it can do.

In Africa a sudden insurrection has intervened to trouble the security of our possessions, and show how ignorant certain tribes still are both of our force and our benevolent intentions. It is at the moment when, by a spirit of generous justice, we were assuring the property of the soil to the Arabian population; when, by liberal measures, we attempted to make that abused people comprehend that, far from oppressing, we wish to call it to the benefits of civilisation—it is at that moment, I say, misled by religious fanaticism, the neighbouring Arabs of the deserts raised the standard of revolt. In spite of the difficulties of the places and the severity of the weather, our army, conducted with ability, soon gave an account of the insurrection; and after the combat no bloody repression, no useless severity, saddened the victory.

The zeal of the experienced chief placed at the head of Algeria, the unity of the restored command, the declaration of the generous designs of France—everything will concur, I hope, to prevent the return of the like disorders.

Thus all our expeditions approach their termination. Our land troops have evacuated China. The marine suffices to maintain our establishments in Cochinchina. Our army in Africa is about to be reduced; that of Mexico already returns to France; the garrison of Rome will return soon, and, closing the temple of war, we will be able with pride to inscribe upon a new triumphal arch these words:—"To the glory of the French armies, for victories gained in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in America."

Let us give ourselves up without alarms to the works of peace. The interval of the Session has been employed in searching for the means of augmenting the moral and material welfare of the people; and every useful and true idea is sure of being received by me and adopted by you.

Let us examine, then, the proper measures to increase the prosperity of the empire. Religion and public instruction are the objects of my constant preoccupation. All the forms of worship enjoy an equal liberty. The Catholic clergy exercises, even beyond its own ministry, a legitimate influence. By the law of instruction it gives its concurrence in the education of youth; by the electoral law it may enter the public councils; by the Constitution it has a seat in the Senate. But the more we surround it with consideration and deference the more we count upon its respecting the fundamental laws of the State. It is my duty to maintain intact the rights of the civil power, which, since St. Louis, no Sovereign of France has ever abandoned. The development of public instruction deserves your care. In the country of universal suffrage every citizen ought to be able to read and write. A project of law will be presented to you still further to disseminate primary instruction.

I endeavour every year to diminish the burdens which have hindered in France for a long time the free expansion of individual initiative. By the law upon coalitions voted last year, those who work, as those who employ, have learned to settle their differences without reckoning upon the intervention of the Government, powerless to regulate the variable connection between supply and demand. At present, fresh projects will have the object of leaving greater liberty to commercial associations and freeing the Administration from a responsibility always illusory. I have it at heart to destroy all the obstacles which opposed the creation of societies destined to

ameliorate the condition of the working classes. In promising the establishment of these societies, without abandoning the guarantee for public security, we shall facilitate a useful experiment. The Council of State has studied with care a law which tends to give greater power to the municipal and general councils. The communes and departments will thus be called upon to treat of their own affairs, which, decided upon the spot, will be more promptly settled. This reform will complete the total dispositions taken to simplify or suppress the minute rules which uselessly complicated the wheels of the Administration.

Commercial liberty, inaugurated by the treaty with England, has been extended to our relations with Germany and the United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway. The same principles should naturally be applied to the industry of maritime carriage. A law is being prepared to establish upon the sea the competition which alone stimulates progress. Finally, the rapid completion of the ameliorations begun. This year we shall accomplish a part of our task by stimulating particular enterprises, or by setting apart for public works the resources of the State, without compromising the good economy of our finances, and without having recourse to credit. The facility of communications in the interior, as well as with the exterior, sets in motion the exchanges, stimulates industry, and prevents the too great scarcity, as well as the too great abundance, of products; the effects of which are injurious, in turn, to both consumer and producer. The more our mercantile marine is extended, the more that transportation becomes easy, the less complaint there will be of those abrupt changes in the price of articles of the first necessity. It is thus that we shall be able to dissipate the partial depression which affects agriculture. Some attribute that momentary suffering to the suppression of the sliding scale. They forget that in 1851, when a low price existed, the price of serials was more considerable, and that even this year the exportations of wheat much exceed the importations. It is, on the contrary, thanks to a liberal legislation, thanks to the impulsion given to all the elements of national riches, that our external commerce, which in 1851 was two milliards 614 millions of francs, mounts up to-day to the prodigious figure of more than seven milliards.

In another order of ideas new laws will be proposed to you, which will have for their object to augment the guarantees of individual liberty. The first authorises the temporary setting at liberty, with or without caution, even in a criminal matter. It diminishes the rigours of preventive detention. The second suppresses personal imprisonment in civil and commercial matters—an innovation, however, which is only the reappearance of a very ancient principle. From the earliest centuries of Rome it was decided that the fortune, and not the body, of the debtor should answer for the debt.

Let us continue, then, to follow the path marked out. Abroad, let us live at peace with the different Powers, and only make the voice of France heard for law and justice. At home, let us protect religious ideas without giving up aught of the rights of the civil power; let us spread instruction among all classes of society; let us simplify, without destroying, our admirable administrative system; let us give to the commune and department a more independent life; let us raise up individual initiative and the spirit of association. In a word, let us elevate the mind and the body of the nation.

But, while making ourselves the ardent promoters of useful reforms, let us maintain with firmness the basis of the Constitution; let us oppose the exaggerated tendencies of those who provoke changes with the sole object of sapping what we have founded. Utopia is to well-being what illusion is to truth; and progress is not only the realisation of a theory more or less ingenious, but the application of the results of experience consecrated by time and accepted by public opinion.

THE ALLEGED CESSION OF MEXICAN TERRITORY TO FRANCE.

THE *Mémorial Diplomatique*, in adding its voice to the official denials of the reported cession of Mexican provinces to France, refers to the "truth at the bottom of these reports"—the near realisation of a plan for the colonisation of the State of Sonora, the principal features of which were indicated in the *Mémorial* of Sept. 4 last. In fact, it is M. Gwin who had the initiative of the plan; he had submitted it to the Emperor of the French, who approved of it, and presented him to the Archduke Maximilian at the time of his sojourn at the Tuileries in the month of March last year. The project of M. Gwin, who, having lived a long time in California, knows the countries perfectly, would consist in the establishment upon the territory of Sonora of a colony of workmen, the number of whom, according to his calculations, would reach in a given time the figure of 84,000, and who, in clearing the soil and working the mines, would be organised so as to defend the country against the aggressions of Indians and the Americans of the North. M. Gwin would naturally be charged with this organisation and the direction of this colony of workmen. The *Mémorial* goes on to say:—

There is here something very remote from a vice-royalty, especially for the benefit of France. The development of the mines of Sonora by capitalists can only be a private affair, subject to the authorisation of the Mexican Government, and it is only just in that Government to grant the protection and guarantees of security which grand enterprises receive in every civilised community. Such is the explanation of the dispatch of Imperial troops, French and others, into a remote province which may be considered as not yet sufficiently pacified, to which the relics of resistance have fled, upon the superficies of which wander Indians leading a nomad and savage life, and at times showing very little sympathy with the white race; a province, in a word, which hitherto has only been nominally under the authority of the Central Government sitting at Mexico. The putting forward of the name of M. Gwin, as Viceroy of Sonora, &c., would be alone sufficient to prove the absurdity of the rumour. If it should ever become true that a party of the Mexican territory fell to be ceded to France, it is not to the foreigner that the Emperor Napoleon would go to seek a governor for his new possession. There are among us plenty of "devotions" to reward, plenty of men invested with the confidence of this country, and, this may be said without diminishing aught from the fitness and honorability of the ancient senate of California, more worthy of representing France.

THE QUEEN AND THE SCHOOL-FRIGATE CONWAY.—The committee of the school-frigate Conway, now anchored in the Mersey, have just received a letter from Colonel Phipps to the effect that her Majesty has desired him to intimate her appreciation of the success of the institution, and also her desire to place at the disposal of the committee the annual sum of £50, to be accorded as prizes to the boys educated at this establishment. Her Majesty's desire is stated by Colonel Phipps to be "to assist in encouraging those principles which may best qualify the boys of this school to become hereafter officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, and thus attach themselves to her Majesty's service; and to facilitate the entry into the Royal Navy of boys who shall be fortunate enough, in honourable competition, to obtain the cadetship offered to them by the Board of Admiralty." The Queen intends to present, annually, a gold medal. Her Majesty's wish, in the establishment of this prize, is "to encourage the boys to acquire and maintain the qualities which will make the finest sailor. These consist of cheerful submission to superiors, self-respect and independence of character, kindness and protection to the weak, readiness to forgive offence, desire to conciliate the differences of others, and, above all, fearless devotion to duty, and unflinching truthfulness." This act of the Queen has given great satisfaction to the mercantile marine service of Liverpool, and will, no doubt, exercise a beneficial influence upon the character and conduct of our future merchant seamen.

A YOUNG WOMAN JUMPING OUT OF A RAILWAY-TRAIN.—ALLEGED OUTRAGE.—As the 10.50 down train from Charing-cross on the North-Kent line was proceeding at a rapid pace on Saturday morning last between Erith and Dartford, a porter noticed one of the doors of a railway-carriage open, and that almost immediately afterwards a woman jumped out and fell with considerable force on the line. The porter hastened to the spot, and found a good-looking young woman, of about twenty years of age, lying insensible on the ground. On recovering, she stated that her name was Eliza Jackson, of Lowfield-street, Dartford, and that she had been grossly insulted by a man in the carriage, and preferred dying a violent death to being subjected to such indignities. Being in an extremely excited state, it was thought best that she should be taken charge of by the police for a short time; and she was, much against her will, taken by Sergeant Cox to Woolwich. In the mean time, information of the occurrence was telegraphed to Mr. Eborall, at London Bridge, and the young woman was taken before Mr. Maude, charged with alighting from a railway-carriage whilst in motion. The man who she alleged had grossly assaulted her having gone on in the train, nothing could be elicited as to whether she was justified in jumping out. The porter said he believed she had been drinking; but the accused said it was only the excitement consequent upon the ill-treatment she had received in the railway-carriage, and which induced her to jump out, and that she would do it again rather than submit to such treatment. Mr. Maude fined her 2s. 6d., remarking that if efficient arrangements were made for passengers to communicate with the guards of railway-trains, there could be no possible excuse for jumping out.

CHEAP TRAINS FOR WORKING MEN.—On the 1st of next month the great boon which the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway have agreed to give the working classes will come into operation, and from that date mechanics, artisans, and daily labourers, both male and female, will be entitled to receive a weekly ticket at a cost of no more than 1s., which will be available over the line between Victoria and Ludgate-hill for one journey in each direction.

THE PAUPER WILL CASE was before the directors of the poor of St. Pancras on Tuesday, when, after an ill-natured discussion, a motion was carried by a considerable majority, declaring that the master of the workhouse had been guilty of a dereliction of duty in not reporting the circumstances attending the will to the board.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE Duke of Northumberland died on Sunday last, at Alnwick Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the Percys. His Grace had been suffering for a few days from gout in the right hand, but the attack was of no unusual severity, so that his decease was quite unexpected.

The deceased, Algernon Percy, Duke of Northumberland, &c., was the youngest son of Hugh, the second Duke, by his second wife, Frances, third daughter of Mr. Peter Burrell, and was born in December, 1792, consequently he was aged seventy-two. He married, in August, 1812, Lady Eleanor, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Westminster. In early life he entered the Navy, and obtained his rank of Post-Captain in 1815. He saw, during ten years, considerable active service in the Mediterranean. In the following (1816) he was created a peer by the title of Baron Prudhoe, of Prudhoe Castle, and sat in the House of Lords as such till he succeeded his brother, the third Duke, in February, 1847, having enjoyed the dukedom eighteen years. The late Duke, shortly after leaving the Navy, devoted himself to travel, and, with his friend Sir Gardner Wilkinson, passed some years in Egypt and the Holy Land. In 1852, on the Earl of Derby being called upon to form an administration, the late Duke consented to accept the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, and was sworn in a member of her Majesty's Privy Council. He remained in the Cabinet until the Government broke up in December. He was made a Knight of the Garter in 1852. He was Constable of Launceston Castle, a trustee of the British Museum, President of the Royal United Service Institution, President of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, a fellow of the Royal Society and several other learned bodies, President of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, of Westminster and Middlesex Hospitals, and a liberal supporter of Charing-cross Hospital, the Seamen's Hospital Society, and many other charitable institutions of the metropolis; besides the local charities on his large property in the north of England. He built the Sailors' Home in Shields, and within the last few years expended above £500,000 in improving the dwellings of his labourers and the poorer tenants on his estates in the north. His Grace had, by his munificence during the last few years of his life, caused ten new churches to be erected in the neglected mining districts of his property. Three were consecrated by the Bishop of Durham in August last, in the presence of his Grace, who expressed a wish that he might live to see the whole of them finished, so that the poorest of his neighbours might have an opportunity of attending Divine worship. The late Duke was a noble patron of the arts and sciences.

In default of male issue, the ducal and baronial honours are inherited by the Earl of Beverley, a son of the second son of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland, and father of Lord Lovaine, M.P., and Major-General the Hon. Henry Manvers Percy, C.B., late commanding at Colchester.

The present family are descended from the noble house of Percy by the female line only. The heiress of the eleventh Earl of Northumberland, who succeeded to the baronial honours only of the family, married Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset (the "proud Duke"); and their son, the seventh Duke, having been summoned to Parliament as Baron Percy, was created Earl of Northumberland, with remainder (having no male issue) to Sir Hugh Smithson, who had married his daughter and sole heir. Sir Hugh, who succeeded to the earldom of Northumberland in 1750, was created Duke of Northumberland in 1766, and assumed the name of Percy on succeeding to the earldom.

The remains of the late nobleman will arrive in London on the 22nd inst., and will lie in state in Northumberland House on the 23rd and 24th, and will be interred on Saturday, the 25th, in Westminster Abbey, in the family vault of the Percys. It is probable that, besides the late Duke's near relatives and friends, the principal officers of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and various other benevolent and learned bodies, of which the late Duke was president, will attend the funeral.

THE DEFICIENCY OF RAINFALL.—Few persons have an adequate idea of what is really implied when the Registrar-General reports that the deficiency of rainfall at Greenwich in the last two years has amounted to nearly fourteen inches. If that be an average instance, representing the deficiency in the country generally, then the quantity of rain in England and Wales in 1863 and 1864 has been below the usual quantity by at least 52,000,000,000 tons of water, or 500,000,000 tons per week.

JERKED BEEF.—On Monday a large number of persons attended at the London Tavern, pursuant to invitation, to partake of a variety of dishes made from this South American beef. Mr. G. Warriner, Instructor of Cookery to the Army, was in attendance, and explained the mode of preparing the meat and soups which were served out to those who had the good fortune to arrive before the supply was exhausted. Preparations had been made on a scale commensurate with the number expected to call, but about fifteen hundred people availed themselves of the invitations issued, and the consequence was that those who arrived late had but little opportunity of forming an opinion as to the beef or the cookery. The soups were excellent, and consisted of pea-soup, vermicelli, julienne, and bonelli, after partaking of which a good curry of the beef might be had. The mention of these dishes will serve to show that this meat, though possessing abundant nutriment, is in itself almost flavourless. It is, therefore, best suited for the foundation of dishes where the flavour is only that of the condiments employed, and for such purpose its remarkably low price renders it a valuable acquisition to our markets. Mr. Warriner has devoted much attention to the proper utilisation of this new article of food, and specimens of several varieties of portable soups made from it were exhibited. These soups may be made from the preparation in from five to ten minutes, at a cost of about 3d. per quart; and a man may carry the solid materials for a couple of gallons in his pockets. The meat, as imported, is not quite so tough as good leather, and is about as salt as Newfoundland cod; but, when properly soaked and boiled, it is tender and insipid, much resembling the chips of meat which remain after a strong soup has been boiled from them. It contains, however, abundant nutriment; and, when rendered palatable by proper condiments, may be a good and wholesome article of food. We were informed that the expense in preparing the soup from the meat, as imported, did not exceed 2d. or 2½d. per quart, including the cost of fuel and attendance. Now that public attention has been called to this commodity, there seems to be every reason to expect that it will become a regular article of consumption; and, if it should not be used in the way some might have wished, it will at least enter into the dietary of the nation in such a sort as to leave a corresponding proportion of food free at a lower price than hitherto for the benefit of the working classes.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

WE have already published some account, with accompanying illustrations, of the people and the native army of Paraguay, and since that time the news, which was but threatening, has been confirmed, and the Brazilians, joined by an insurgent force, have followed up their aggressions in the Banda Oriental by commencing actual warfare. This has resulted in the rapid augmentation of the Paraguayan army, and our Engravings represent some of the native troops and the men of the foreign contingent, which is generally available in South American hostilities. The Governments of these States are always anxious to secure the services of French and English instructors, both in the army and the navy; and, as the wages offered are frequently considerable, and the men who are capable of drilling the troops are made officers and may become people of some little distinction, there are generally to be found several Europeans in the service, to whom in time of war their countrymen not unfrequently resort and form a company apart from, and generally quite superior to, the native force.

The Brazilian squadron, which at the end of last year left Buenos Ayres for the River Uruguay, in order to blockade some of the river ports, joined the revolutionary troops under Flores, and at once commenced the work of devastation.

Decided operations began by the bombardment of Paysandú, a small town on the Uruguay, by four Brazilian gun-boats, and in twelve hours 700 bombs were thrown into the place. At the same time Flores with 3000 men attacked the place by land, but was gallantly repelled. The Spanish war-vessel *Wadrus*, in concert with the French and English gun-boats, notified Admiral Tamandare to stop the bombardment, which he did, "not at their request, but it being no longer necessary for the purpose of General Flores."

Next day the rebel guerrillas recommenced the attack, and the

Brazilians landed all their marines with several heavy guns. The latter captured the police barricade, and several houses in the suburbs were sacked by the rebels, but the garrison recovered the barricade and expelled the enemy. Two ammunition waggons of the Brazilians blew up. The batteries of the garrison were disabled by the Brazilian fire, but after a couple of hours were again made serviceable. The fighting was recommenced the next day, and every time that the rebels or Brazilians approached the batteries they were hurled back defiantly. Flores sent a second envoy, accompanied by the commanders of the French and English gun-boats, to arrange a surrender; but the chiefs, Gomez and Piris, manfully refused. A body of 400 Brazilians had penetrated to the Plaza and seized several barricades, when they were crushed and scattered by a sally of the garrison.

It is said that Flores afterwards took up a position at San Francisco, four leagues from Paysandú, waiting the grand Brazilian army under Marshal Mena Barreto (8000 strong), while Sañ remained encamped at Yapeyú, expecting the reserved force under Servando Gomez.

Later rumours declare that when Flores drew off to Sañ, Leandro Gomez led out his valiant band to attack a body of 600 Brazilians who had remained. They could not stand the charge, but turned and fled, pursued by the garrison to within two hundred yards of the shore, when the gun-boat Belmonte opened fire to cover its men, some of whom had thrown themselves into the river without waiting for the boats. They left a piece of cannon as a trophy for the garrison. [Leandro Gomez introduced three hundred head of cattle into the town to provide against a second siege. Meanwhile General Sañ, with 2500 men, had arrived at Arroyo Negro, on march to relieve Paysandú. All the women and children had left the town, and the approach of a powerful Paraguayan army was confidently expected.]

Paysandú was captured by the Brazilians on the 2nd of January, when great mortality was found to prevail in the city. The Brazilian army then marched upon Montevideo. The forces of Paraguay had taken Fort Corimbar, in the province of Matto Grosso.

The origin of these wars and rumours of wars which are continually recurring in South America is always difficult to discover, and it is equally difficult to unravel the intentions of revolutionists and loyalists. Affairs there are continually subject to a sort of volcanic influence which seems suddenly and at any moment to upset society and government without any adequate or, at least, explicable cause. The people themselves—that is the main body of the population—are half savages, with some of the worst vices of civilisation; and what was written of them nearly twenty years ago is still so true that it will serve to indicate the condition of a large proportion of those who make up the revolutionary forces as well as the national army.

"The Guacho population, it must be owned," says Mr. Carlyle, "is not yet fit for Constitutional liberty. They are a rude people; lead a drowsy life of ease and sluttish abundance—one shade, and but one, above a dog's life, which is defined as 'ease and scarcity.' The arts are in their infancy, and not less the virtues. For equipment, clothing, bedding, household furniture, and general outfit of every kind, those simple populations depend much on the skin of the cow, making of it most things wanted—lasso, bolas, ship-cordage, rimings of cart-wheels, spatterdashes, beds, and house-doors. In country places they sit on the skull of the cow; nay, they beat themselves, and even burn lime by igniting the carcass of the cow. One art they seem to have perfected, and one only—that of riding. They stick on their horses as if both were one flesh; galloping where there seems hardly path for an ibex; leaping like kangaroos, and flourishing their nooses and bolases the while. They can whirl themselves round under the belly of the horse—in cases of war stratagem—and stick fast, hanging on merely by the great toe and heel. You think it is a drove of wild horses galloping up; on a sudden, with wild scream, it becomes a troop of centaurs, with pikes in their hands. Nay, they have the skill of riding on horses that are not fed, and can bring fresh speed and alacrity out of a horse which was on the point of lying down. To ride on three horses they would esteem a small feat; to ride on the broken-winded fractional part of one horse, that is the feat! Their huts abound in beef, in smoke also, and rubbish—excelling in dirt most places that human nature has anywhere inhabited. Poor Guachos! They drink Paraguay tea, sucking it up, in succession, through the same tin pipe, from one common skillet. They are hospitable, sooty, leathery, lying, drinking, laughing fellows; of excellent talent in their sphere."

ST. SAVIOUR'S, THE NEW CHURCH AT BACUP, LANCASHIRE.

OUR Engraving represents the new Church of St. Saviour, which has been recently consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Manchester, and is now open for Divine service. This building, which is one of the finest modern examples of church architecture in the county, has been anxiously watched during its erection, and will prove to be one of the greatest attractions of the district in which it is situated. The town of Bacup (about twenty miles north of Manchester) stands at the head of the valley of Roxendale, and, from a small village, has increased to a considerable town devoted to the cotton manufacture, and with a population which, having doubled during the last ten years, is now estimated at 14,000. Of the two churches already existing in the town the most ancient (erected in 1788) only holds 600 people, and the accommodation was altogether insufficient until the present church of St. Saviour was opened, especially as the old church is entirely out of repair and it had been found necessary to close the galleries and shore up the south walls until funds can be raised for rebuilding the edifice.

The new church, parsonage, and schools have been built entirely at the expense of Mr. James Maden Holt, J.P., of Stubbylee, and are situated on a part of that gentleman's estate; the schools having been first erected and used for Divine worship until the church was completed. The cost of the entire work, so far as building is concerned, has been £10,000, but it is believed that the ultimate expenditure will amount to £13,000. Sittings are provided for 996 persons, 650 being reserved, while the remainder are free, and the founder has endowed the sacred edifice with the sum of £1100 in the Three per Cents; £300 having been paid to the Incorporated Society for the purpose of keeping the fabric in repair for the future. The architect chosen for the work was Mr. E. Wyndham Tarn, of Guildford-street; the masonry being completed, without any contractor, by the "banker masons," who were paid by the piece, and the wallers and setters by the day, under the direction of the clerk of the works.

Three years have elapsed since the commencement of the building, some delay having been occasioned by the necessity for opening a fresh quarry on Mr. Holt's estate, whence the greater part of the stone has been obtained; the marble having been supplied by Mr. Field, of Parliament-street.

The style of the church is Early Pointed, or thirteenth-century Gothic; the nave and aisles being separated by arches, supported on light pillars of polished Aberdeen granite, the caps and bases of which are formed of the hard stone from Catlow Quarry, near Burnley. The chancel is terminated by an octagonal apse, and has a roof formed of curved timber ribs springing from corbels, and boarded over. Four white marble panels, 11 ft. high, are let into arched recesses between the windows of the apse, and on them is engraved the Decalogue, Creed, and Lord's Prayer. The roof is provided with Louvre ventilators, which carry off all the products of combustion from the three handsome gas coronas and the brackets by which the nave and chancel are lighted. On the south side, a small transept forms a private chapel having an arcade on each side, with serpentine columns and alabaster panels, on which inscriptions are engraved in memory of several members of the founder's family who are interred in a vault adjoining the church. The air-chambers above the perforated ceiling, and the open ventilators at each end, will ensure a good supply of fresh air; while the warming apparatus, which occupies the basement of the tower, is on the same system as that

THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY, SOUTH AMERICA.

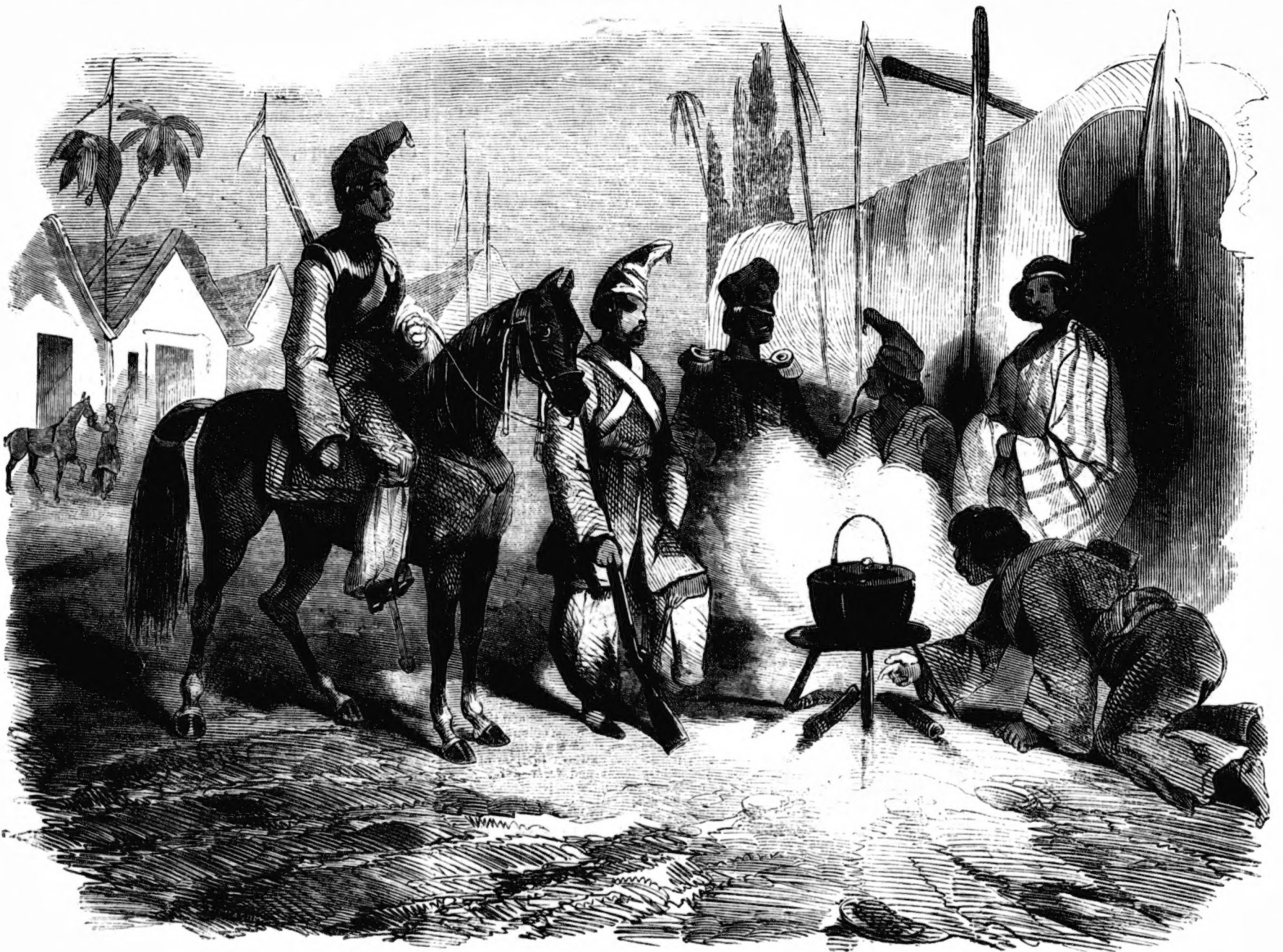


SOLDIERS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION.

used in the Manchester Assize Courts. The chancel is laid with encaustic tiles, and the passages are covered with kamptulicon—an admirable arrangement in a district where clogs are worn by so

many members of the congregation. The tower itself is placed at the north-east corner, and is 20 ft. square at the base, while the height to the cross at the top is 150 ft. It is intended to con-

tain a peal of bells and clockface. The lower story, opening on two sides into the church, is devoted to the organ. Perhaps the greatest peculiarity of the church is the baptistery, provided for the immersion



NATIVE TROOPS.

of adults (when required), which is sunk in the middle of the chancel, near the vestry, and is descended by five steps—the whole being covered by ornamental gratings laid level with the floor. Altogether, the building is highly creditable to all those who have taken part in its erection, and the pleasure expressed on all sides on the occasion of its consecration by the Bishop of Manchester was but a grateful expression of the thanks of the people of Bacup to the munificent founder of a building so much needed for public worship.

"THE ROADSIDE INN" AT THE LYCEUM.

It is now about thirty years since "Robert Macaire" was the rage in Paris. The celebrated actor Frederic Lemaître "created" the part. The story goes that on the first night of the production of "L'Auberge des Adrets" the author was confined to his bed, and received expresses from the theatre as to the success of the piece. "The audience are laughing desperately," reported one of the messengers. "Laughing?" said the author. "Ah, ay! at M. —," naming the actor who personated Jacques Strop. "No, Sir; at M. Lemaître!" This puzzled the author, who had intended Macaire to be the ordinary robber and villain of melodrama. He did not know that "Frederic" had stuck on his head a singular hat at a very rakish angle; had depressed one eyebrow and elevated the other; had thrust his chin deep into the recesses of a voluminous cravat, and engrafted on the swagger of the *militaire* the oily urbanity of the charlatan. A commonplace melodrama became a furore, and Robert Macaire became a "type." Robert Macaire hats, Robert Macaire coats, and Robert Macaire umbrellas were the fashion. At the restaurants consumers demanded *vol-au-vents* à la Robert Macaire, and *pieds de mouton* à la Jacques Strop. Hundreds of Robert Macaires appeared at every masquerade, and no shop-window or lady's boudoir was complete without his effigy. Even—crowning compliment in Paris—a popular dance was

christened after the illustrious pickpocket. The famous students' song goes:—

La vie d'un étudiant
Est d'aller à la chaumière,
Pour danser le cancan,
Et le Robert Macaire.

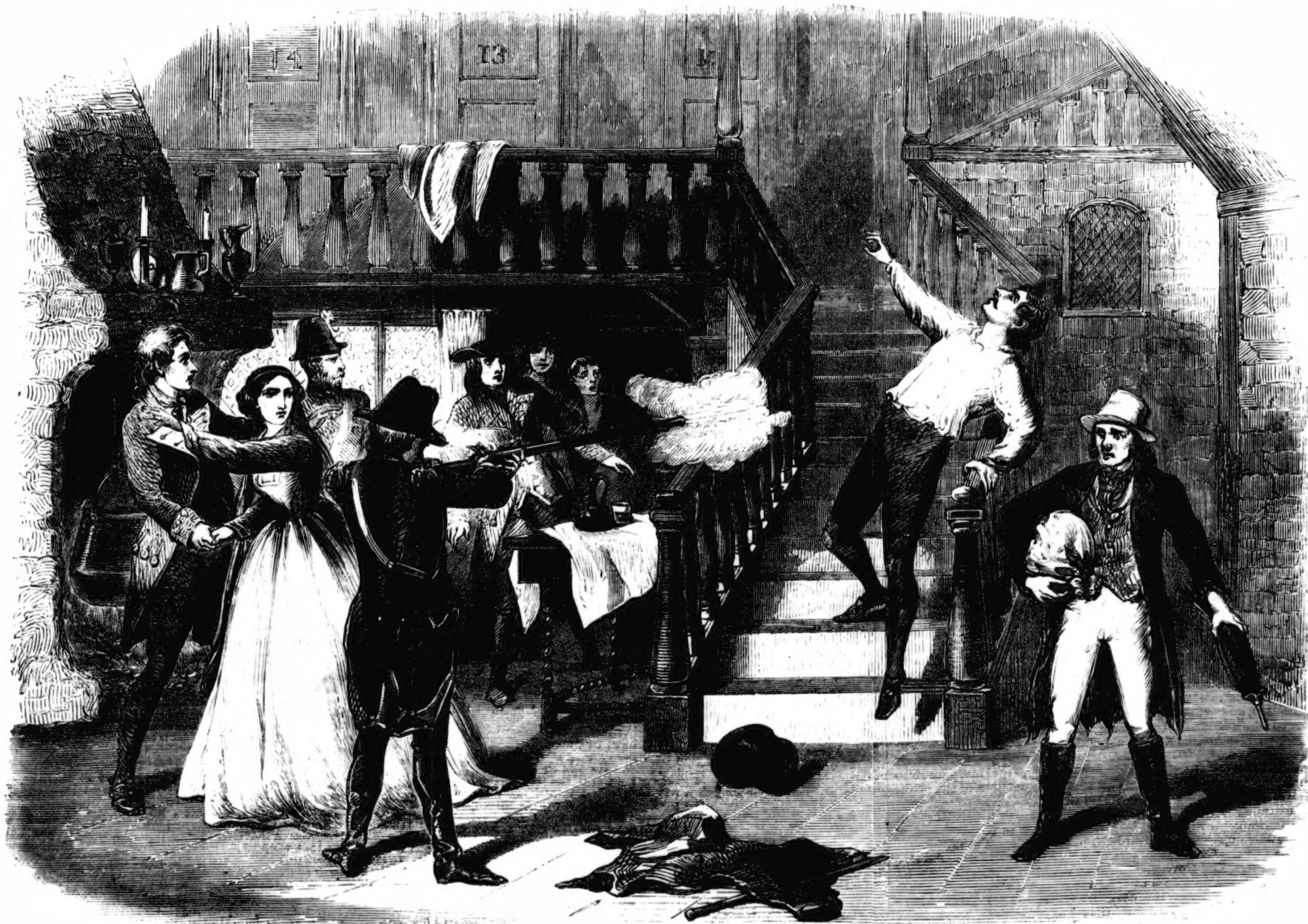
Of one particular caricature, the neatest of a long series, mention may be made. Robert Macaire and his friend Jacques Strop had dined sumptuously at an expensive restaurant, and the garçon was waiting for the settlement of the bill. "My good fellow," says Robert, magnificently, "I find that I have unexpectedly left my purse at home, and my friend here, the Count Bertrandi di Bertrandi, also unexpectedly, finds himself in the same position. Now, I will either give you shares in several flourishing philanthropic enterprises to the amount of your account, or my friend Bertrandi will, in pledge for payment, leave you his hat." It must be understood that Bertrandi's hat is in a state of shabbiness that would render it unfit to surmount a decent scarecrow. Says the waiter, "I prefer the hat of Monsieur!"

Quick, active, alert, agile, unscrupulous, polite, vivacious, talkative, luxurious, and with an equally strong sense of external beauty as of absurdity, Robert Macaire admirably typified the vagabond Frenchman. Half convict, half *ancien*; *bon diable*, and a good comrade, he would gracefully share his last pinch of snuff with the man whose throat he intended to cut as soon as he turned his back to sneeze.

Of the new adaptation of "L'Auberge des Adrets," and of the different reading of the criminal hero adopted by Mr. Fechter, full mention has already been made in these columns. Our Artist has chosen for the subject of his illustration the dénouement of the drama. Robert Macaire has avowed his guilt, and is endeavouring to escape by the staircase. The sergeant of gendarmes gives the order to fire, and Macaire receives the fatal bullet in his breast, in the sight of the wife he has so long abandoned and of the son he has but that moment discovered. His terrified accomplice, Jacques Strop, is also an unwilling witness of his death.



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH AND SCHOOLS, BACUP, LANCASHIRE.



SCENE FROM "THE ROADSIDE INN" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: DEATH OF MACAIRE

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 248.

SIR JOHN WALSH.

EVERY now and then there arises to speak upon an important subject a member of whom the outside world knows but little, and, for a time, languidly desires to know more. Sir John Benn Walsh is a man of this sort; and in many a railway-carriage, and at many a breakfast-table, during the last week, we can fancy that the question has been asked, "Who is Sir John Walsh?" Well, as we have nothing better to do, we may as well answer this question, and, further, say something of the honourable Baronet's position in the house, mode of speaking, &c. Sir John Walsh, then, is the member for Radnorshire, in South Wales, of which county he is also the Lord Lieutenant. He has property in Radnorshire, though he does not reside there. He is a native of Berkshire, and lives at Warfield Park, in that county. Sir John's father, the first Baronet, was named Benn; he took the arms and name of Walsh, in compliance with the will of his maternal uncle, for a consideration. The present Sir John is highly connected, as the phrase is; for he married a daughter of the Earl of Stamford, and his son, Captain Walsh, has married a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. Thus much of his family history. Sir John first entered Parliament in 1830, through the now extinct borough of Sudbury—that notable place, more famous in the annals of corruption than any other borough, living or dead. Sir John sat for Sudbury until 1835; but, at the general election in that year, he left his first love and stood for Radnorshire—and failed. In 1837 he contested Poole, without success; and in 1839 he solicited the affections of his old flame, Sudbury, and was accepted; but the union did not last long, for in 1840 Sir John suddenly divorced himself from Sudbury, and again tried for Radnorshire, this time with success; and the union then formed has never been dissolved. It was threatened in 1841, when a Lord Harley appeared in the field; but Sir John defeated this ambitious young Lord by two to one. Sir John ranks in the House as a Liberal-Conservative; and, in token of his hybrid politics, sits below the gangway, on the front bench of the Opposition side, in curious propinquity to Mr. Roebuck, and Dr. Brady, and Lord Robert Cecil—who, by-the-way, is by no means a Liberal Conservative, though he sits here. Indeed, this can hardly be called the Liberal-Conservative bench; it is rather the resort of Independent members—that is, members whom nobody can depend upon. Sir John once said of Lord Palmerston that "he had the head of a statesman and the heart of an Englishman;" and not unfrequently the honourable Baronet supports the noble Lord; but in the great fight of July, 1864, he went with the Opposition. Sir John's speaking is of the dead-level sort. He seldom sinks below the average—the datum line, as a railway man would call it—and never rises above it. Members will not come down to listen to Sir John, but, if present, they generally award him a decorous though somewhat languid attention. On Friday week, when Sir John brought forward his motion for the production of papers relating to the abrogation of certain treaties between England and the United States, time and circumstance favoured him. Fresh from the country, members were disposed to listen to anybody. The subject, too, was important, and all were anxious that some explanation should be elicited from the Prime Minister. Moreover, dinner-time was yet a full hour ahead when the hon. Baronet rose. Sir John took advantage of these favourable circumstances, and tried to be unusually forcible; but, alas! force is not one of his gifts. There are two kinds of force recognisable here, as in all elevated assemblies—force of argument and force of words. Cobden's speeches are mainly indebted for their effect to the first kind. Whiteside owes most of his temporary success to the second. Sir John has neither force of eloquence nor strength of argument; his oratory is loose and somewhat turgid; and his reasoning is weak.

PAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON.

On Friday night week Lord Palmerston delivered his first speech. It was in answer to Sir John Walsh, and, though we profess not to be enthusiastic admirers of the policy of the noble Lord, we confess that it was pleasant to see him rise so fresh and unchanged. The weight of eighty years lies upon that frame, and still it is erect. Thousands of speeches he has made here or elsewhere, and still his voice is clear and strong as ever. For half a century and more has he held office, with all its labours, perplexities, and cares; and his intellect is as active, and unclouded, and keen as it was when he was young. His speech in answer to Sir John Walsh was a masterpiece in its way. Sir John evidently wanted a debate. For half an hour or more he had been sedulously attempting to blow up a flame, and, if Lord Palmerston had but seconded the effort with a few injudicious puffs of breath, we might have had a widespread conflagration of talk. But the noble Lord saw no wisdom nor safety in this, but, on the contrary, folly and danger; and it was beautiful to note how adroitly and with what success he threw the wet blanket over the sputtering, threatening embers. The secretary of the American Embassy was in the gallery, and must have seen the discomfiture of Sir John with great delight.

A PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

Most of the strangers in the gallery must have been sadly puzzled by what they saw immediately after Lord Palmerston had finished his speech. Mr. Speaker rose, muttered something, and then sidled out of his chair. Lord Palmerston then got up and moved that Mr. Dodson do take the chair. Whereupon Mr. Dodson, who stood in readiness close by Lord Palmerston, promptly glided into a chair at the back of the table, the Liberal members cheering him loudly. Mr. Dodson then immediately rose, said something, which, being smothered by the cheering, was quite inaudible in the gallery, and immediately glided out of his seat, and Mr. Speaker sidled back into his. Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose and muttered something; and again Mr. Speaker vacated his seat and Mr. Dodson resumed his, and Mr. Gladstone began to make a speech, and then most of the members left the house. Here, then, was a curious pantomimic performance. What could it all mean? To strangers, ignorant of the ways of the House, it seemed as if Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Speaker, and Mr. Dodson were playing at bo-peep or hide-and-seek, or were rushing about to keep themselves warm that cold night, and that the House was cheering them on. But, in truth, the House was transacting a very important piece of business—was electing a member to a very important office, with onerous duties and a handsome salary thereto attached. When Lord Palmerston sat down, Mr. Speaker rose and put the question before the House—to wit, "That I do now leave the chair" (in order that the House do resolve itself into Committee of Supply); and, having declared that the motion was carried, he left the chair, and the House was then in Committee. But, Mr. Massey having resigned, the Committee had no chairman, and the time had come when one must be elected. Lord Palmerston then rose and proposed that Mr. Dodson do take the chair. This motion required no seconder, and did not need to be formally put; and, as there was no opposition, Mr. Dodson took the chair, and became, *ipso facto*, "the chairman of Committees of the whole House" during this Parliament. If anyone had objected to the appointment of Mr. Dodson, and proposed somebody else, Mr. Speaker would have returned to his seat and the election would have been decided, as all other questions are, by a division. And here we may inform our readers that, constitutionally, Mr. Dodson was only elected for that occasion. It is competent for any member, whenever the House goes into Committee, to propose that some other member shall take the chair. Custom, however, has long since ruled that a Chairman once elected shall continue to hold the office, if he be so minded, until the end of the Parliament, unless indeed he should prove to be incompetent, or otherwise objectionable. Mr. Dodson is, then, now the permanent Chairman of the Committees of the whole House, with a salary of £1500 a year. The Government men cheered Mr. Dodson when he sidled into his seat, because at one time an opposition was expected. "But why did he leave the chair immediately?" I think I hear some reader say. Well, he did all that was to be done, for, though few could hear him, he put the formal question which is always put at the beginning of a Session when the House first goes into Committee of Supply—viz., "That Supply be granted to her

Majesty;" and that having been carried, he put the further question, "That I do report progress, and ask leave to sit again," and then retired. And Mr. Speaker returned. But Mr. Dodson soon had to be in his place again, for Mr. Gladstone had to move the introduction of a banking bill, dealing with finance; and all bills of this sort must be introduced in Committee. This, then, is the explanation of that curious scene which, to strangers, seemed little better than a farce. All was orderly enough, when it comes to be understood. "But it seems that Mr. Dodson holds his appointment," some may object, "by a frail tenure, if at any time some member may move that some other person do take the chair." And in theory this is so; but practically it is not so. To attempt to remove Mr. Dodson would be to do an unusual, and, consequently, an offensive, thing. And all who know the House and its ways are aware that there is nothing that members are so averse from doing as "unusual things." In theory, the office of chairman is temporary; but by custom, the office is permanent.

WHAT IS A CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES?

The duties of this office are now most onerous. The Chairman of Committees is the hardest-worked officer of the House. He can scarcely ever leave the House safely whilst it is in Session. When the House sits in the morning, he is sure to be wanted; and often he may be seen sitting in his chair far into the small hours. We have more than once or twice known him in the chair soon after twelve at noon, continue in it till four; again take it soon after six, stop there till past twelve; resume it again before one, and not finally leave it till daylight peeped through the windows. Moreover, he has other and perhaps more difficult duties to perform behind the scenes. All those 595 private bills, of which we have heard so much, must be examined by him. He is also Chairman of the Referees, a new tribunal, the duties of which we need not stop to describe. And, lastly, if Mr. Speaker's health should fail, the Chairman of Committees must act as deputy Speaker. Verily, then, Mr. Dodson has no security. Let us hope that his constitution and power to work may prove sufficient to meet these weighty labours.

POWER OF PARLIAMENT.

Some people still hold the doctrine that a sharp line can be drawn between the duties of the Executive and those of Parliament, and that Parliament cannot, or at least ought not, except in rare cases, to interfere with the execution of the laws of the realm. But this doctrine has not been held by the best writers on the Constitution. Sir Edward Coke says that "the power of Parliament is so transcendent that it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within bounds." Blackstone says Parliament is "omnipotent." Delolme tells us that "Parliament can do everything that is not impossible. Hence, it cannot make a woman a man and a man a woman;" and Canning, "The House of Commons is a council of control; but it is likewise a council of advice, and I think the man ill-read, not in your Journals, but in your Constitution, who should say that any case of such transcendent importance could exist in which it would not be competent for the Legislature, by the timely interposition of advice, to prevent the necessity of control." It is clear, then, that the length to which Parliament may go in interfering with the Executive is only a question of prudence. Constitutionally, its power in this direction is not limited. Mr. Lawson and Mr. Bright, then, in questioning Sir George Grey touching the convict Polizzioni, under sentence of death, certainly did not "transcend the power" of Parliament.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Lord Chamberlain brought down her Majesty's answer to the Address of their Lordships' House in reply to the Speech from the Throne. The other business was of no public interest.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

REFORM.

Mr. BAINEs named the 21st inst. as the day on which he should move his annual bill for the extension of the franchise.

TRANSPORTATION TO AUSTRALIA.

Mr. CARDWELL said it was intended to discontinue transportation to the Australian colonies within the space of three years.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Sir J. WALSH asked for information relative to the circumstances which have led to the notice given by the Government of the United States of North America to terminate the convention under which England and the United States mutually engaged not to fit out naval armaments upon the Canadian lakes; also respecting the abrogation of the treaty of commerce between the provinces of British North America and the United States by the late Lord Elgin; and moved for the papers and correspondence connected with these subjects. He said he looked upon the notice to terminate these treaties as tantamount almost to a declaration of war.

Lord PALMERSTON declined to go into a discussion on our relations with the United States. The Government had given the House all the papers in its possession on the subject of these treaties. In November last the Washington Government had given her Majesty's Government notice, as it had a right to do, of the intention to put an end to the treaty as to the armed force on the lakes. The arrangement had been merely temporary in its nature, and its abrogation was not to be considered a final decision. It might be renewed at any future time. He did not think, therefore, that the abrogation of the treaty could be looked upon as an act of hostility to this country. It could not be denied that things had taken place upon the lakes of which the United States had a right to complain, and if the measures they proposed to have recourse to would protect their people and their commerce, they were perfectly justified in having recourse to such measures. As to the reciprocity treaty, the notice respecting it could not be given until the 15th of March. When the communication was received it would be seen what were the grounds upon which the United States Government based the proceeding. He entreated the House not to assume the existence of hostile intentions on the part of the United States, which he trusted did not exist.

The motion for papers was then withdrawn.

SUPPLY—CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, when Lord PALMERSTON moved that Mr. Dodson take the chair.—The motion was agreed to without discussion.—Mr. Dodson took the chair, and the House resumed.

BANKS OF ISSUE.

In Committee of the House, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved two resolutions upon which to found a bill in respect of notes of issue. Under the Act of 1844 banks in England and Wales having the right to issue notes were subjected to certain restrictions. They were prohibited from opening a regular establishment or issuing notes in London, and there were other restrictions in the number of partners in a private bank. They were also liable to the intervention of Parliament at any moment when they thought fit to terminate the power of issue, and they could not transfer the right of issue to others. Some of the banks—particularly the National Provincial Bank—had applied for a modification of these restrictions, and hence the bill. It proposed that banks acting under its provisions should take a lease of issue for a given number of years, with the proviso that, in case Parliament should see fit to withdraw that right of issue within the term of years fixed, it would only be withdrawn upon the payment of compensation upon the loss sustained by the withdrawal. The bank would likewise obtain power to purchase the issues of other banks; and, finally, in consequence of these reliefs, the banks would be required to undertake to pay to the State, in lieu of the sum which they now pay as compensation for stamps upon their notes payable on demand, and for their license duty, the sum of £2 5s. per cent upon the amount of their issues, to be ascertained from time to time.

The resolutions were agreed to.

CONCENTRATION OF THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved for leave to bring in a bill to provide for the concentration of the courts of justice. He pointed out the disadvantages of the present arrangement of the law courts, and said the site proposed was between Chancery-lane and Clement's Inn, and ran into the Strand, near Holywell-street. The total estimated cost was £1,500,000, of which £750,000 would be for the purchase of the site and £750,000 for building. To pay this it was proposed to take £300,000 from a fund in Chancery, called "Fund B;" the Government would take upon itself the payment of £200,000; and the Treasury would advance £400,000, to be repaid in fifty years, with 3½ per cent interest. He entered at length into the financial part of the question, to show that it was just.

Leave was given to introduce the bill.

Mr. COWPER moved for leave to bring in a bill to acquire the site for the proposed law courts. Leave was given.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Houghton moved for a return of the number of unions and parishes

that have availed themselves of the new Act for the relief of the casual poor of the metropolis, and of the expenditure under the Act. The motion was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

QUALIFICATION FOR OFFICES.

Mr. HADFIELD moved the second reading of the Qualification for Offices Abolition Bill, which he proposed to refer to a Select Committee.

After a few remarks by Mr. Newdegate, the bill was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee.

NEW BILLS.

Sir G. GREY obtained leave to introduce a bill to consolidate and amend the law relating to prisons. He proposed to consolidate as well as to amend the existing law as regarded the construction of prisons, the appointment of prison officers, and the treatment of prisoners. He gave a general outline of the provisions of the bill, especially as to the last-mentioned head—prison discipline, the definition of hard labour, an improved code of prison rules, the dietary of prisoners, and other points.

Sir H. CAIRNS obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the Endowment and Augmentation of Small Benefices (Ireland) Act, 1860; Sir H. PEEL, a bill for the protection of inventions and designs exhibited at the Dublin International Exhibition for the year 1865; and Mr. AYRTON, a bill to facilitate the raising of money by debentures on the security of land.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Lord Chancellor stated the results of the working of the Act for the sale and augmentation of the small livings in his patronage. Altogether, he said, sixty-three had been sold for the sum of £113,129, of which sum £10,520 was available for disposal, under his control. He had appropriated it upon condition that equivalent amounts were raised from other sources, £2400 to eight small livings, £500 for the erection of parsonages, and had promised conditionally £5000, leaving a balance of £2030.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

RAILWAYS.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in reply to Mr. Roebuck, said it was the intention of the Government to advise the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the costs of conveyance upon railways and the charges made by railways on the public. It was not intended to enter into any question of policy which might commit Parliament to legislation. He hoped to be able to lay the terms of the Commission on the table in a few days. In reply to Mr. Scully, the right hon. gentleman said it was not the intention of the Government to introduce a bill this Session for acting upon the measure of 1844 as to the purchase of railways. His attention had been directed by the hon. gentleman (Mr. Scully) to the expediency of purchasing the Irish railways, and he was prepared to say that they formed a case of themselves; but for the Government to express an opinion on the subject now would be premature.

BRITISH KAFFRARIA.

Mr. CARDWELL stated, in answer to Mr. A. Mills, that a bill would shortly be introduced by the Government for the annexation of British Kaffraria to the Cape of Good Hope.

CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES ACT.

Mr. COX obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the Public-house Closing Act of last year, which, by shutting up public and refreshment houses at one o'clock in the morning, had operated most oppressively on persons coming to the London markets from the country, compositors engaged on the morning papers, and other industrial classes of the population, and had almost ruined many publicans and others in the metropolis. He proposed to remedy the evil by giving the Chief Commissioner of Police and other constituted authorities the power of granting licenses in certain cases, and on special occasions, to keep public and refreshment houses open after that hour.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MORTGAGE DEBENTURES BILL.

Lord NAAS moved the second reading of the Mortgage Debentures Bill. He described the measure as being the result of inquiries instituted by the House of Lords. It proposed to allow companies to advance money on real estate and to issue debentures to a certain extent on the mortgages. He explained at great length the provisions of the bill, and concluded by expressing his willingness that the measure should be referred to a Select Committee.

Sir G. GREY assented to the second reading on the understanding that the bill should be referred to a Select Committee, and that when it came back the House should not be regarded as pledged to support its principles.

After some remarks by Mr. Henley, Mr. Scully and a few words from Mr. Ayrton, the bill was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee, as were also the Land Debentures (Ireland) Bill of Mr. Scully, and the Land Debentures Bill of Mr. Ayrton.

AFFIRMATIONS.

Mr. E. CRAWFORD obtained leave to bring in a bill to allow affirmations or declarations to be made instead of oaths in all civil and criminal proceedings.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE POOR RATES.

Lord RAVENSWORTH presented a petition from Hammersmith complaining of the gross inequality of the poor rates in the metropolitan and suburban districts, and asked if her Majesty's Government contemplated any measures of relief to the suburban districts in the promised bill for the amendment of the poor law?

Earl GRANVILLE said that, although her Majesty's Government intended to introduce a bill to carry out certain of the recommendations of the Committee of the House of Commons of last Session, they did not propose to legislate specially for the metropolis.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CHINA.

Colonel SYKES asked the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether the Order in Council of March 1, 1864, had been enforced and all British subjects withdrawn from the service of the Emperor of China and that of provincial mandarins.

Mr. LAYARD said the permission for persons in her Majesty's service to enter that of the Emperor of China had been withdrawn, but that if other of her Majesty's subjects chose to take service they must do so at their peril.

COURTS OF JUSTICE BUILDING BILL.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved the second reading of this bill. A brief discussion followed, after which the bill was read a second time.

NEW BILLS.

Mr. WHITESIDE obtained leave to introduce a bill to alter the constitution and amend the practice and course of proceeding in the Court of Chancery in Ireland.

Mr. CARDWELL was permitted to bring in a bill to provide for the annexation of the territory of British Kaffraria to the Cape Colony.

Sir COLEMAN O'LOGHLEN also obtained leave to bring in a bill to declare and amend the law in relation to the keeping together and discharge of juries in criminal cases.

THE RIVER THAMES at Hammersmith, Putney, and Mortlake, was frozen over on Wednesday morning, the ice in many places being nearly two inches in thickness; and at Taplow and Maidenhead, &c., skating was general on the river. The Royal Surrey and Regent's Canals were also frozen over, and the traffic was consequently suspended.

THE PUBLIC INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—On Monday there was issued an account of the gross public income and expenditure of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in 1864. The total revenue in the year ending the 31st of December last was £70,125,374 15s. 1d. The total ordinary expenditure was £67,163,404 18s. 4d. But £720,000 was devoted in addition to fortifications; so that the net excess of income over the whole expenditure of the year is reduced to £2,241,969 16s. 9d. The balances in the Exchequer on the 31st of December, including £100,000 of the money raised for fortifications, amounted to £6,580,922 14s. 6d.

TRIAL OF A LARGE LIFE-BOAT.—The largest self-righting life-boat ever built in this country for the National Life-boat Institution had her harbour trial, on Tuesday last, in the Regent's Canal Dock, Limehouse, in the presence of some officers of the Navy and Army and many other persons. The life-boat, which is 40ft. long, was capsize by means of some tackling attached to a hydraulic crane. She immediately self-righted, and the water she brought back with her was self-ejected in half a minute. Various other experiments were subsequently made with the boat, and they all produced an equally satisfactory result. The boat is called the Van Hook, after E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A., F.R.S., the distinguished marine artist, who, including his own liberal contribution of £200, has collected nearly the whole cost of the boat, amounting to £450. She is to be stationed at North Deal, in the neighbourhood of the Goodwin Sands, and left London on Wednesday for her station, in charge of some of her crew.

AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.—Princess Radziwill, whose death in the prison for debt at Vienna has been recently announced, was the daughter of an hotelkeeper of that city. Prince Radziwill was staying at an hotel in that city in 1846, when he fell dangerously ill, and was so charmed with the kind attention paid him by the landlady's daughter that soon after his recovery he married her. The happiness of the new-married couple was not of long duration, for the Prince died some years after in a madhouse, leaving three children and numerous debts, for which the Princess made herself responsible. As her only income was a pension of 14,000 florins, it was impossible for her properly to bring up her children, and at the same time pay debts amounting to 150,000 florins. Having been arrested by her creditors, she fell ill from grief, and died at the age of forty-six years. Her two sons are pupils in the Imperial Theresianum at Vienna, and her daughter is married to a wealthy landowner in Galicia.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

THE PERILS OF THE RAIL.

ANOTHER outrage in a railway carriage! An apparently respectable young woman jumped out of a carriage on the North Kent line the other day, and alleged as her reason for doing so that she had been grossly insulted by a male fellow-passenger. As the train in which the occurrence took place passed on, no opportunity was afforded of testing the truth of the girl's statement; but there can be only three explanations of her conduct—namely, that she was mad, that she was intoxicated, or that she spoke the truth. Of the first there is no insinuation; the second she denies, and her denial seems to have been accepted by the authorities; so we are driven to conclude that the third is the true explanation, for it is not to be supposed that this young woman would have incurred the risk of mutilation and perhaps death without adequate reasons. Outrages in railway carriages are becoming so frequent that timid persons, especially females, will soon be deterred from travelling by rail altogether. When to this is added the increasing danger from accidents on railways, and remembering how little is being done by directors to guard against either class of dangers, locomotion by this means will speedily become next to impossible.

It is probable that in some instances so-called outrages in railway carriages arise from over-sensitiveness on the part of ladies, who misconstrue trivial acts or accidental occurrences into designed insults. It is probable also—we may even say it is certain—that females of questionable character trump up charges of this kind for sinister purposes. But, making all allowances for events of these kinds, the fact remains that there is danger for both men and women in travelling alone by railway; and it follows, of course, that the managers of our railway system are bound to provide, as far as possible, remedies for both descriptions of danger to which their customers are now liable. But hitherto they have really done little or nothing to avert these mischiefs. On some lines—but only on some—special carriages are set apart for ladies travelling without male protectors; but very slight pains, if any, are taken to make lady passengers aware of the fact, even on those lines where the arrangement is adopted. Such carriages should be run with all trains and for all classes of passengers; they should be indicated by plain and legible inscriptions; and it should be the duty of railway officials to make solitary females aware that they can avail themselves of such accommodation. That is one obvious remedy. Another is to carry still further the plan recently adopted on one or two lines of making an aperture between one compartment of a carriage and another, which, so far as it goes, is a step in the right direction; but, instead of merely fitting in a small glazed window, it would be better to throw open entirely the upper portion of each first and second class carriage, as is done at present with third-class carriages. The whole of the passengers in each vehicle would thus be under the eyes of each other, and outrages could scarcely be perpetrated. The objection that this would destroy the privacy of passengers is entitled to very little weight, because a few carriages could be kept as at present arranged for the use of those who wished to be exclusive and were willing to pay for a compartment to themselves. Besides, there would really be no greater violation of privacy in the occupants of a whole carriage overlooking each other than in those of a single compartment doing so, while the sense of security would far more than overbalance any fancied inconvenience arising from the arrangement we have proposed, which, moreover, has the further advantage of occasioning comparatively very little expense to the companies.

The danger on railways from accidents—which are steadily, and of late startlingly, increasing in frequency—almost invariably arises from defective arrangements or incompetent or overworked servants, and can therefore be remedied by making both more efficient. This would, undoubtedly, involve some outlay; but this railway companies are bound to incur. They have now in their hands, as her Majesty recently told them, a monopoly of the means of transit; and it is their duty, as it undoubtedly is their true interest, to make transit as safe, as punctual, and as convenient as possible. The public have a right to this assurance at their hands, and should be content with nothing less. The development of railway traffic has been enormously in excess of the calculations of even the most sanguine; and where one set of rails each way is insufficient for the proper accomplishment of the work, as in many instances it confessedly is, then double sets should be laid down. In the case of existing lines, to do this would no doubt involve very considerable outlay; but increased returns, and the relief which it would afford from destruction of plant and compensation for injuries by accidents, would probably in

the end repay the cost. At all events, human life is of more importance than dividends, and must not be sacrificed in order to secure them. In the construction of new lines, provision could easily be made for the laying down of extra sets of rails as occasion and the state of the traffic should require.

We trust that the Commission about to be issued by Government to inquire into the working of railways will not fail to give these points a full measure of attention.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS is again reported to be seriously ill. THE DUKE DE PENTHIEVRE, son of Prince de Joinville, has recently left Lisbon for Brazil, as a volunteer officer in the Portuguese squadron.

VISCOUNT AMBERLEY has agreed to visit Leeds, with a view of becoming a candidate for the representation of the borough in the next Parliament.

THE RAJAH MOOTEE SINGH has got into difficulties in consequence of his having cut off the tongues of some women in his territories whom he regarded as witches.

MR. HUTT, the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, will immediately proceed to Vienna, to negotiate with the Austrian Government the terms of a commercial treaty.

THE MARRIAGE of Mr. Francis Paget with Miss Higgins, granddaughter of Lord and Lady Chelmsford, is fixed to take place on the 22nd inst.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY BYAM MARTIN, K.C.B., died at Genoa on the 9th inst.

CARDINAL WISEMAN died on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock, at his residence, in York-place, Baker-street. He was in his sixty-third year. He has been in very precarious health for some time past.

GENERAL GARIBALDI has written to a gentleman in Liverpool stating that he will not be able to visit England this year.

CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN is going out to Bombay to manage the Great Indian Peninsula Railway.

A GOVERNMENT DOCK AND BASIN is to be constructed at Haulbowline, Cork.

BOTH HOUSES OF CONVOCATION met on Tuesday. The increase in the episcopate was the principal subject of discussion in the Upper House, and the Burial Service in the Lower.

THE THAMES YACHT CLUB is about to remove to the house in George-street, Hanover-square, which was for so many years occupied by the late Lord Lyndhurst.

THE COMMAND-IN-CHIEF at MADRAS, vacant by Sir Hope Grant's appointment to be Quartermaster-General of the Army, will be filled by Lieutenant-General Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant, lately Governor of Malta.

THE PROPOSED ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE at OXFORD has been abandoned, and the intended site will probably be purchased by the University for other purposes.

PARLIAMENT opened this Session with fifty Peers and 151 members of the House of Commons directors of railway companies.

A NATIONAL EXHIBITION of the products of nature, industry, and art is to be held at the city of Caracas, in Venezuela, on the 19th of April next.

WILLIAM RAMSAY, for more than thirty years Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, died at San Remo, near Mentone, on Sunday morning, soon after entering his sixtieth year.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is preparing to issue a people's edition of his works. The volumes will be printed on good paper, and published once a month, at 2s. each. A frontispiece will adorn each volume.

IN A COAL-PIT NEAR DUDLEY a mass of coal fell from the face of the seam while the men were at work, and six of them were crushed to death under it.

A YOUNG LADY was told by a married female friend that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."

UPWARDS OF 52,500 COPIES OF THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS' PAMPHLET in defence of the Pope's encyclical letter were disposed of in less than a fortnight, producing about 78,750*l.*, the profits of which are to be devoted to charitable purposes.

MR. JOHN CHEETHAM (Liberal) has been returned without opposition for Salford; Mr. Williams (Conservative) by a majority, for Truro; and Mr. N. D. Murphy, without opposition, for Cork.

TWO TORIES, one a town councillor and the other an agent of the party, have been fined 40*s.* and costs each, in the County Court at Leeds, for bribery at the last municipal election. They will also be disfranchised for six years.

THE PICTURE BY EUGENE DALACROIX, of "The Murder of the Bishop of Liège," founded on the scene so powerfully described in Scott's "Quentin Durward," was sold on Saturday, at the auction-room in the Rue Drouot, Paris, for 35,000*fr.*

RECENT EXPLORATIONS show that the Mexican empire contains a rich mine of coal. This important discovery has been made at Itoluca, about ninety miles from Mexico, and the coal is reported to be of excellent quality.

THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED BARRELS OF GUNPOWDER have, within the last few days, been added to the powder stored in the Government magazines at Marchwood. Additional troops have been added to the guard there, for extra security.

CHARLES EDWARD TURNER, Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Alexander Lyceum, in the Russian capital, has been appointed, from among fourteen candidates, to the chair of English Lector in the University of St. Petersburg, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. T. B. Shaw, M.A.

VICTOR TOWNLEY, the murderer of Miss Goodwin, destroyed himself, on Sunday last, by jumping over the staircase railings in Pentonville Prison, on his return from chapel. Townley received a concussion of the brain, and died unconscious at eight o'clock the same evening.

A YOUNG BEARDESS ENGLISH GIANT is said to be walking about the streets of Paris, and whom the Parisians allege—of course, untruly—to be nine feet high. His object in showing his proportions is said to be that of obtaining the post of drum-major in a French regiment.

A RESERVOIR BURST near Wolverhampton last week, from the water having been swollen by the late thaw. The adjacent fields were flooded to some depth, a great number of cattle and sheep were swept away, and much destruction of other property was caused.

THE CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD STONEWALL (formerly the *Olinde*), which recently left France, has put into Corunna, lenky. She is very heavily armed, having four guns, none of which are less than 200-pounders. Her iron plates are four inches in thickness. Among her crew are a number of the Alabama's men.

AN EXPLOSION OF FIREDAMP took place on the 9th inst. at a colliery at Denain, near the Belgian frontier, and it is reported that twenty-two dead bodies had been withdrawn from the mine, while as many others remained to be brought out. The total number of deaths by the occurrence was not known.

THE WORK OF PAINTING THE ROOF OF ELY CATHEDRAL, carried on by Mr. Gambier Parry from the place where Mr. L'Estrange left it unfinished at his death, is now completed, except so far as regards the removal of the scaffolding. This will take place in a few days, and the work be displayed to the public.

A MAN NAMED KISELEVICH, formerly a soldier in the Russian army, has just been executed at Odessa for a number of atrocious crimes. During the last five years he had murdered twenty-two persons, and only recently pillaged the residence of Droudevitch, Councillor of State at Odessa, after having cruelly put to death that gentleman.

THE PORPOISE which was placed in the Zoological Gardens on Dec. 29 was found dead in its salt-water pond on the morning of Wednesday, the 8th inst. Having apparently become quite comfortable in its new quarters, it suddenly declined its food on the preceding day. There is some reason to fear that it had got frozen in during a night of unusual severity.

A COURT-MARTIAL UPON CAPTAIN CAMPBELL and the officers of H.M.S. *Bombay*, burned near Montevideo, has been held at Portsmouth, and has resulted in the acquittal of the captain and his officers. The president, on returning Captain Campbell his sword, paid a high compliment to the conduct of the whole ship's company on the sad occasion.

M. GERHARD ROHLFS, the African traveller, has recently arrived at Malta, by way of Gadames and Tripoli, from a journey into the interior from Morocco, across the Atlas Range, as far as Insalah. He left Malta on the 2nd inst., by the Syria, for Marseilles, on return to Germany, to consult as to another journey over the same tract.

THE ADMIRALTY can get what are called sailors as many as they want; but the men are not seamen, and very often of no good character. So there is a notification that all petty officers and seamen whose conduct has been unexceptionable may, on rejoining the service within a year after their discharge, resume the good-conduct badges they formerly wore.

THERE is at present in the Hospital for Incurables in Naples an old woman who every day eats at least five portions of roast meat, seventy eggs, several loaves, and other food, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. When attempts are made to reduce her diet she raves like a mad woman. Professor Zamoglia has recently undertaken to cure the poor woman, but up to the present time her appetite remains unimpaired.

VALENTINES.

It is just twelve months since we gave in these columns as complete a history as our space would permit of the origin, rise, and progress of valentines; and the 14th of February in this present year has been, as far as we can learn, the occasion of no diminution of the old custom of sending tender missives on the anniversary of the death of that priest and martyr who, having been beaten, beheaded, and sainted, took the place in the calendar of the still more ancient Lupercalian festivals in honour of Pan and Juno.

There is still the same enormous trade going on in the manufacture and sale of those wonderful combinations of painting on velvet, artificial flowers, lacework, silk, looking-glass, perfumed paper, millinery, colour-printing, and roseate verses.

"Valentines from a penny to five guineas" is still the announcement put forth by enterprising stationers, and crowds of wondering pedestrians still occupy the pavement in front of the windows which are filled with specimens of this interesting branch of the fine arts. Even in remote back streets, where frowy general-shops display in their windows a heterogeneous assortment of sticky sweetmeats, twine, blacking, firewood, Dutch cheese, fly-blown eggs, laces, antilobious pills, song-books, marbles, pegtops, beeswax, and "straw" tobacco-pipes, valentines of the year 1825 occupy a space in vacant panes, and a maiden in a faded yellow gown, very short in the waist, and without crinoline, suffers herself to be led to a pea-green church by a gentleman who, in a blue high-collared coat and purple pantaloons, declares

This is the morn of Valentine,

and concludes, neatly and appropriately, with the question,

Dearest maid, wilt thou be mine?

It is to be regretted, however, that a greater attraction is exercised in these localities by those diabolical cartoons where ancient maiden ladies are impaled on tridents over a brisk fire; or doggerel allusions are made to the physical infirmities supposed to belong especially to certain trades and callings. These have happily no place in most of the recognised establishments patronised by youthful lovers; but even there the latest novelty consists of heads printed in colours and attached to shadowy skeleton bodies, with accompanying thorny verses, which might well rankle even in the most gentle breast.

It is a wonderful annual event this Valentine episode, wonderful in the army of men, women, and children employed in the various departments of art necessary to complete even one handsome specimen—the painters, the cutters, the stampers, the tinters, the gummers, the folders, the makers-up of the full and beautiful picture, every detail of which has been produced by a distinct and separate operation. Most wonderful of all are the poets and poetesses who compose the charming verses, and, perhaps (unless scribes are employed for this department, as we believe they are), write them in those exquisitely, even curly-tailed characters, with a "crow-quill" pen dipped in mauve-coloured ink. What delightful literature it is, and what lovely sentiments are expressed in indifferent spelling! Surely, the increase of valentines through the indirect instrumentality of the penny post must have been a great blessing to the sentimental ladies and gentlemen who did the stanzas for those weedy old annuals which went out several years ago when valentines were comparatively few.

We hold the opinion that the popularity of these poetical love-letters is mainly due to the facility with which *time* may be made to rhyme with so many words in the English language; and, just as every new invention is adapted to increase the novelty of the *tout ensemble*, so new words brought into the language furnish a jingle.

We have witnessed spun glass, photography, electrotyping, and the stereoscope brought to bear upon affairs of the heart; we have lived to see the words anodyne, aniline, and crinoline introduced into common language; and who can tell what may not yet be done by human ingenuity by an adaptation of the magnesium light and Mr. Max Müller's theory of language?

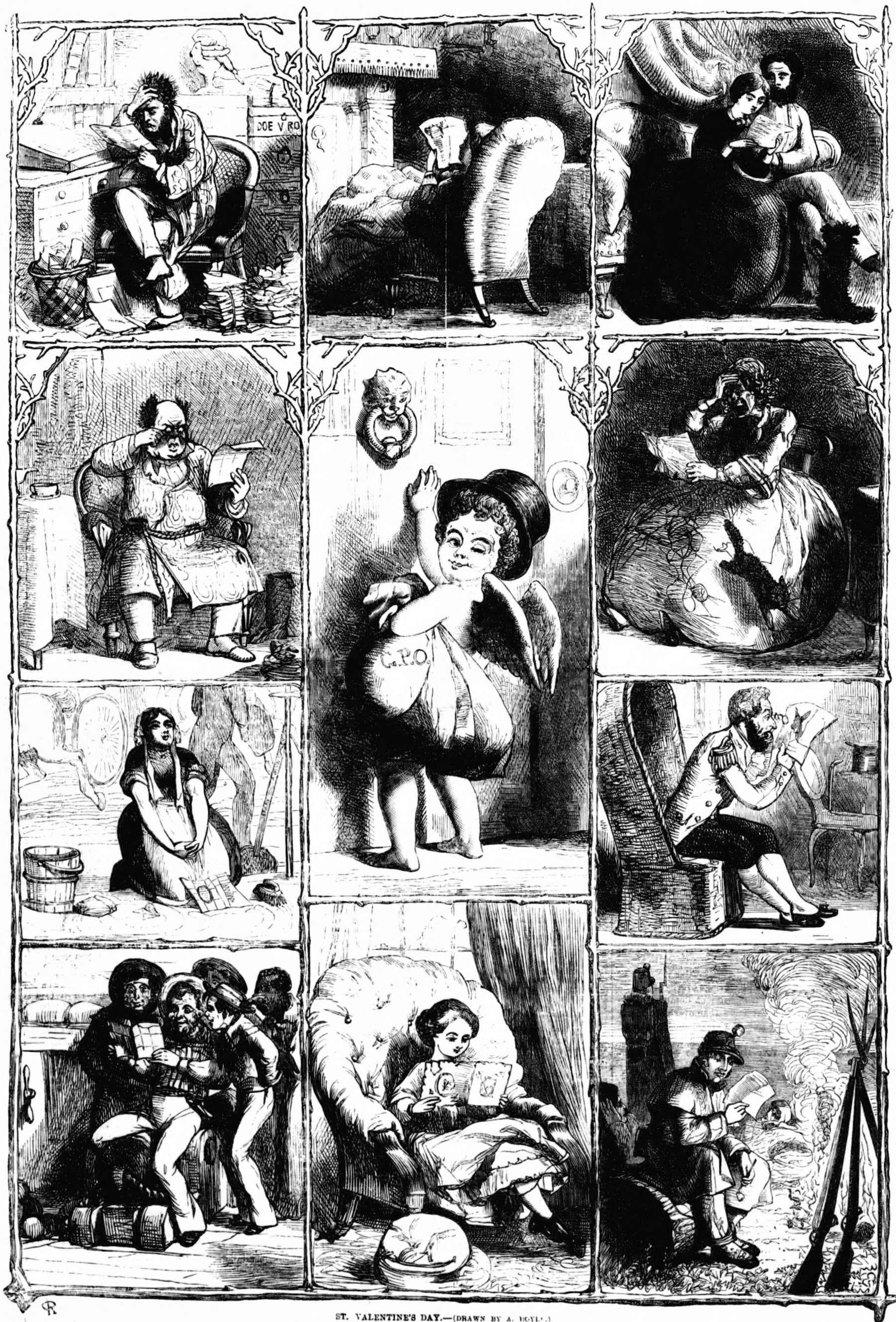
At all events, the statistics of the General Post Office go to prove that Cupid must abolish the quiver for the letter-bag if he desires to remain the popular divinity on the 14th of February. Never throughout the year is there such an inordinate and universal desire to hear the postman's knock, and never does the appearance of that useful functionary elicit a warmer welcome. Why don't the letter-carriers defer asking for Christmas-boxes till Valentine's Day? They would reap a rich harvest, for who could refuse them a shilling on the chance of receiving in return an envelope-full of ecstasy? Not the blooming young creature who would give her whole week's pocket-money to know who sent the lovely sheet emblazoned with a transformation scene of the cascades of courtship, or the meretricious meanderings of matrimony. She little suspects, poor innocent, that the culprit sits beside her, and with feigned curiosity, helps her to decipher the country post-mark of the market town from which he got a friend to direct the letter. Nor the wilful beauty who tries to turn up her pretty nose, and can't succeed, as she calls valentines "a pack of rubbish," and then goes to hide in the depths of the easy-chair, to gloat over the contents of that pink notelet which was handed to her over the garden railings before breakfast. Not even the poor persecuted spinster, of very certain age, who reads the perfidy of triumphant woman in those disgraceful verses which she thinks she will burn and does not, but keeps locked in a secret drawer, amongst her wrongs, until her bitterness is forgotten amidst more serious thoughts. No; not the crusty, rich old fogey who, starting with horror at the liberty of sending *him* a valentine, grows furious when he looks at the too-faithful caricature. No; we are creatures of circumstances; and "Egad! it's scandalous, and must be inquired into—ought to be, at least—but it won't do to let that postman fellow think anybody has dared to send such a thing to *me*. Give him a shilling, and say I shall report him at head-quarters."

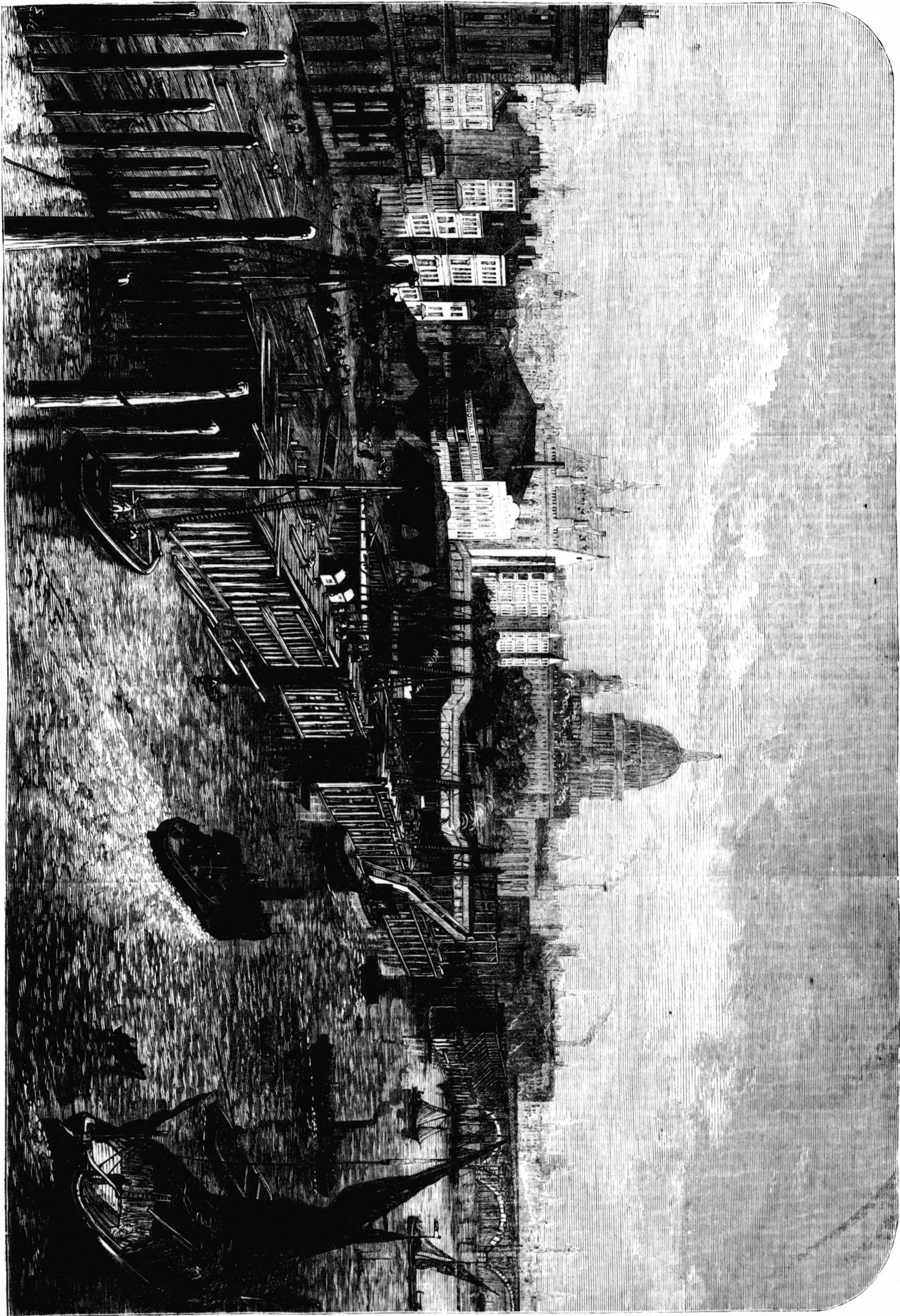
If you think that Valentine's Day is not a glorious anniversary for little Mary, and Jane, and Emily, and Alice, you were never more mistaken in your life. Cupid is but a chubby innocent himself, and delights in shooting off his tiny arrows quite irrespective of whom they may happen to hit. They always fall lightly on his playmates, however; and though Jane knows quite well (and is afterwards told with perfect candour) that the envelope is directed in Adelaide's handwriting, touched up by Adelaide's mamma, she is equally delighted, and feels for the time bound "with her (Adelaide) to rove along the flowery paths of love." As to Adelaide's brother, "he's a boy, and knows nothing about it; and, if he stares at her so, she'll make a face at him."

Yes, in all sorts of places Cupid's letters carry a certain pleasant light with them, and many otherwise sordid homes are brightened for a minute by the electric flash which comes with the double-knock on Valentine's morn. There are, we fear, no observances of this saint's day in America; but the quaint old rhymes have often borne a cheerful, loving meaning to the soldier in camp. Many a hearty burst of honest laughter and a kindly greeting have they evoked in the forecabin, where rough-and-ready sailors have pricked hearts and darts and initials upon their brawny arms, and sent a silent kiss over the sea to a sweetheart waiting their return.

Poor John Thomas! Many are the vile insults which base poetasters heap upon you for this occasion; and it is hard that you, who have "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, prey on your damask cheek" and turn your hair grey under the powder, should have no better return than this from Mary Ann, who is at this moment forgetful of the front steps in her delight at the "sweet pretty bookey and verses wrote under" that you sent her but yesterday. Never mind! Contrive to let her discover who sent it and you are safe. That snug corner shop will keep for a year or two, and out of "fourteen pound a year and all found" she may save a trifle of ready money.

Wonderful saint, wonderful passions and affections of men and women, so trivial and so strong; wonderful literature, the most popular and the most ephemeral ever published! Let nobody who has not been brought up to the business attempt to write a valentine. It is easier to compose a leading article, or a tragedy, or an epic poem; and the greatest author living, in his easiest dressing-gown and with his favourite pen, might soil reams of paper before he could acquire so difficult an art.





THE THAMES EMBANKMENT WORKS BETWEEN WATERLOO AND BLACKFRIARS BRIDGES.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

A GROSVENOR is up for Westminster, the Hon. Captain Robert Welleley Grosvenor, the son and heir of Lord Ebury, and nephew of the great Marquis who holds, perhaps, a third of the borough in fee. But it must not be supposed that the noble Marquis possesses an overwhelming influence here. He is the ground-landlord, only, of most of the property—for very few of the leases have fallen in—and he has no command over his tenants. Still, the name is powerful; and I should say that the young scion of the great house of Grosvenor will almost to a certainty be elected. And why not, if his principles be right, as they seem to be? No honest elector should vote for a lord's son merely because he is a lord's son; but, on the other hand, neither should he withhold his vote from a lord's son, if his principles be right, because he is a lord's son. Mr. Grosvenor's address is a singularly terse, and, on the whole, I think, satisfactory, document. He says:—"I cannot understand why we are not to enlarge the basis of our representative system by the extension of the franchise; why we are not to protect the voter in the discharge of his duty from any undue influence, let it come from what quarter it may. Why, in short, we are to halt in any of those measures of progress by which alone, in my opinion, the benefits arising from the conquest won for the cause of civil and religious liberty and commercial freedom can be maintained." Good. Nor can I; and as we agree on these main points, I, being a voter, decide provisionally to support Grosvenor for Westminster. To be sure, I should like my candidate better if he did not belong to the Army, which, I think, is already but too well—or rather, I should say, too strongly—represented in the House; but there is nothing perfect in this world. Captain Grosvenor will hardly be allowed to walk over the course. At all events, there will be a fight, though the opposition may not be directed against the gallant Captain.

Lord Amberley has been invited to stand for Leeds, and I believe he has accepted the invitation. Rumour has hinted that he, too, is to stand for Westminster, but I do not believe that he will oppose Sir John Shelley. The Russells never oppose Liberal candidates, I think. Of course, Lord Amberley could come in for Tavistock if he were so minded; but I understand that he dislikes the idea of creeping into the House through a family borough. Wherever he may go he is, I hear, to have the cordial and earnest support of the Dissenters and all the influence that they can assert. The Nonconformists think they discern in his speech at Leeds, and still more plainly in an article upon Subscription which he wrote for the *North British Review* in 1863 and republished in 1864, the true ring of the old Russell metal.

By-the-by, I may remark that this article has never attracted the notice which it deserves. The speech at Leeds was a good speech, fresh and forcible, and has sounded through the country like a clarion, and will produce effects, notwithstanding the washy reasoning of the *Times* and the sneers of its flunky, "our facetious cotemporary," as it is called—though why "facetious" is still applied to it now I cannot, for the life of me, understand. But the article in the *North British* is still better. It is the best article on Subscription that has been published. The reasoning of it is sound; a fine, healthy, moral tone pervades the whole of it. You feel, too, whilst you are reading it, that you have got out of and above the stifling atmosphere of clerical sophistry into a beautiful, breezy air of freedom. Here we have, indeed, the true ring of the old truth, a truth older than the Russells or still more ancient houses, as old, indeed, as Christianity itself. I should advise all who want to know who and what Lord Amberley is to get this pamphlet. This, at all events, was not written for electioneering purposes.

We are, it is said, to have two more Stanleys in the house next Parliament. First, the Honourable Captain Henry Arthur Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, and brother of Lord Stanley. Captain Stanley has a great reputation for ability, untrammelled freedom of opinion, and a talent for public speaking. He is to come in for Preston. Second, the Honourable Edward John Stanley, son and heir of Lord Stanley of Alderley. This gentleman has been Attaché to the Embassy at Constantinople and Secretary to the Legation at Athens. He was formerly a precis-writer in the Foreign Office.

The *Owl* has re-appeared! This "occasional" paper, which is comic, diplomatic, and political, was, as you remember, a success last year. It appears, appropriately enough, at the commencement of the Session. The rivals to *Punch* have not as yet divided the honours with that long-established periodical; and *Punch* himself is, by many, pronounced slow; so welcome the *Owl*, with its new frontispiece—although that frontispiece is so palpable a "lift" from Landseer's "Laying down the Law." A great deal of the prestige of the new comic paper is due to the mystery which shrouds its proprietary, editorship, and staff of contributors. They (the staff) do not write for money. No. Base is the slave who is paid! They are supposed to be young patricians of the bluest blood, juvenile diplomats of the highest class. Well, it may be so. They may be all young Marquises, and they may be smart young fellows in Government offices. They write very well, and their news is severely exclusive and fashionable. The present number, which is marked 1011, is clever. In its first pages the *Owl* offers to print the contributions of young lords "if they are worth anything;" and they give the specific terms of Mr. Blair's mission to Richmond, from "special sources of information." The leader is warlike, and introduces classical and historical allusions so profusely as to hint at very recent escape from the Universities. There is an anecdote of Louis Napoleon and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, written in as good bad French as was ever penned in a young lady's finishing school, and "Mr. Gladstone's Definition of Deputation" is of sufficient excellence to bear extraction. "Deputation," the *Owl* makes the Chancellor of the Exchequer say, "is a noun of multitude which signifies many, but does not signify much!" The article headed "Racing Forecasts" is very good, though somewhat too hard upon Viscount Amberley, "the son of the veteran jockey of Richmond Park." These political prophets say too, that "Recognition is a fine horse, and shows promise of great power and endurance. He has been tried very highly, and, though we fear that latterly, owing to reports of something being amiss, he has gone rather back in the market, yet he is, we believe, in much better condition than is generally supposed, and we caution our readers against laying heavily against him." This is bold! But then the question is, are the owls inspired, or are they irreverently chaffing the British public because it is a swell thing to do? The fun is that some knowing fellows at the Clubs insist that they know the writers in the *Owl*, and that they pitch upon young men guiltless of a printed semicolon, who walk about with comic literary greatness thrust upon them which they in vain endeavour to disclaim. Well, good luck to the *Owl*; though the writers show little taste in proclaiming themselves of the Upper Ten Thousand with such a loud fanfare. If they should ever be discovered to be practised writers half a day ahead of the *Court Circular*, what a blow to the gentleman-amateur incognito they so studiously affect!

A little while since I heard an artist—one of the first draughtsmen as well as one of the first painters of the day—express an opinion, apropos of "The Cornhill Gallery," that wood engravings would look best if printed on toned paper in brown ink, and he adduced in support of his argument some cuts of Dürer's printed in that tint. I confess I was not quite convinced at the time; but happening the other day to take up one of Mrs. S. O. Hall's pleasant Irish stories—"Nelly Nowlan's Experiences"—I found the illustrations printed in brown, and the effect is really very pleasing. If you doubt it, get the book and judge for yourself; for even if you don't agree with me you can have your money's worth in reading Mrs. Hall's lifelike descriptions of Irish character. The illustrations are by an artist whose name is not familiar to me; but they are very fairly drawn, and the one at page 146 will be a good one whereby to decide the merits or demerits of brown ink for woodcuts. I'm inclined to doubt whether by frequent repetition the proposed colour would not prove wearisome. Still, I should like to see the experiment more generally tried.

LITERARY LOUNGER.

The *Athenæum*—in a short paragraph so obscurely placed that

I, for one, at first missed it altogether—has confessed its error in re Mr. Friswell's "Familiar Words." The song which the *Athenæum* so positively attributed to Kemble is, after all, admitted to be by Moore.

Now, suppose the *Athenæum* should honestly dislike Mr. Friswell's next book, what will it do? It will not like to praise; it will not like to be severe; it will not like to be silent! The whole story is very instructive to critics: a warning not to cut it too fine, or, if fine, they must try to be fine with courteous and respectful reserve.

Mr. Friswell would have strengthened, not weakened, his case if he had admitted broadly that two of the errors pointed out by the *Athenæum* were very gross indeed; and if his friends are magnanimous they will refrain from triumphing over his critic's downfall. The mortification is punishment enough; or, if not, such a critic is beyond the reach of common retribution, and will some day or other have a far worse tumble; for, as we read in the "poem" to "Romola," "The Unseen Powers are mighty."

I do not know if a man may "lounge" at a funeral, but the sudden death of Mrs. Isabella Beeton is an event which claims a word of deep regret. It has already been stated publicly that this accomplished and indefatigable lady was called upon to yield up her own life while she was introducing another to the world. Mrs. Beeton is known to the general public as the editor of all those serials and volumes of Mr. Beeton which are addressed to ladies in the ordinary sphere of their activities; and most ably she did her work. She has passed away while yet quite young—she had not even reached the climax of youthful maturity; and this, with the extreme suddenness of her death, and the cause of it, makes the event a very saddening one for all who knew her.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

In the two rooms still remaining for notice the most striking picture, and one which, in point of execution and sentiment, ranks foremost in the whole exhibition, is Mr. Pettie's "Out of an Engagement" (312). A poor fiddler who has trudged far and wide in search of employment is obliged at last to come back to the wretched, bare garret, where his two girls—fairies, modern fairies; that is, forlorn, gaslight, stagey fairies—are crouching over a morsel of fire. Poor little women, they bear their troubles very patiently and look lovingly up into the face of their father, who seeks solace of that old companion of his—his violin. There is a torn, faded picture of a bounding, smiling coryphæe over the fireplace. Was she the wife of this poor man, the mother of these girls, we wonder?

Mr. Pettie's second picture, "The Wounded Despatch-Bearer" (402) is also a very able painting. There is boldness in the style and a tone in the colouring which show that Mr. Pettie has been studying the works of the French school; and we are not sorry to find one of the most promising of our rising artists thus adopting a course which will be highly beneficial to English art.

In No. 374 Mr. Barnes is breaking new ground, but with such success as to lead us to hope he will paint more pictures in this vein. An old soldier of the Empire, browned with exposure and seamed with wounds, toiling home to his native village, has just found strength to crawl to the wayside well and drink. There, wearied out, he falls asleep, and is so found by two girls from the neighbouring hamlet. Who knows but that one is his daughter, the other his grandchild, though they do not now recognise him in the battered, war-worn wreck? "Vive la Gloire!" indeed, for much else has died for this veteran. The story is excellently told, and the work is conscientious and telling, and as free from "prettiness" as the sentiment is from exaggeration.

Mr. Leslie's "Cherries" (395) is a quaint bit of colouring, but hardly escapes the condemnation of stiffness. "Lent" (534) is far more to our liking. The figure of the monk who is chaffing with the fish-girl is painted with considerable humour, and all the accessories are carefully worked out. "The Sleeping Babes in the Wood" (358), by Mr. Lucy, will add considerably to his well-earned reputation. The faces are honestly beautiful—not mere pretty dolls, but really childlike and natural. The background is brought in with considerable skill in a manner which heightens the effect of loneliness and silence. "The Protector" (307), by Mr. Rossiter, is a lifelike scene from life in the streets in the Middle Ages, when young "callants" were apt to accost the pretty daughters of citizens, and when middle-aged gentlemen could interfere on behalf of the damsels without having their motives misconstrued. It is a comfort to think, too, that the prentices—there is one coming out of a door here—kept stout staves to lace the gay jerkins of these swaggerers. Gay jerkin, and lovely maid, and serious elder have all found an able portrayer in Mr. Rossiter, who paints with a "boldness in minuteness" which cannot be too much praised. Mr. Fitzgerald's "Sister of Charity" (515) is one of those charmingly-imaginative pictures which this artist paints with such happy colouring and so intense a feeling for the strange and unearthly. A knight rises on his elbow from his pillow on the hard earth beside the watchfire, and eyes with something approaching to reverential awe the figure of the merciful woman stealing by on her errand of charity. Behind her, delineated with such exquisite skill that we almost fancy they grow and gather out of the gloom as we look, glide two angels—her guardians and assistants. In the gloomy distance watchfires twinkle and the noisy soldiery courch.

The "March of the Men of Bucleruch" (262), by Mr. Beavis, is capably painted, and drawn with infinite spirit. We can hear the clatter of arms and the trample of hoofs, and we recognise our old friend, "William of Deloraine, good at need." A kindred subject, "Settled or Not," by Mr. F. Weekes, wherein we learn to what a little difference between two noble border thieves has led, is a very clever little picture. The two have interchanged shots, and one of them is down on his face for dead; but his friend is not quite sure of him, and creeps up with musketoon ready in case the prostrate gentleman should be playing whatever may be the Border equivalent for "possum." Mr. Weekes's other picture—"Dividing the Spoil" (264)—is unequal. Some of the heads are full of character, but others lack finish. It is just possible that the canvas was not quite completed on "sending-in day," so that the imperfections are to be placed to the credit of short, dark days instead of Weekes. A very clever little picture, by an artist whose name is new to us, is "Music and Dancing" (282), by Mr. D. T. White. The face of the boy performing on the penny whistle is a splendid study, and brimming over with fun. Another very humorous picture is Mr. Fitzpatrick's "The Mother's Hope" (410), wherein a very unpromising urchin, his features distorted with the intent agony of essaying "to suit his stubborn fingers to"—not the lute, but the fiddle, delights and astonishes his mother.

"A Young Bohemian" (587), by Mr. Graham, possesses great merit, but is a little dirty in colour. The attitude of the girl and her squalid, tawdry finery are caught with an observant eye; and the listless, weary vagabondage infused into the expression of the face is almost painfully true. Mr. Long's Spanish subject (401) is pleasing, and so is Mr. Bayes's "Returning from School" (256), while Mr. Borthwick's "Miner's Burial in California" (405) is sufficiently interesting and locally true to make us overlook some errors in colouring. "Parisina" (503), by Mr. Melville, is an agreeable composition, and Mr. Smythe's "Arabian Nights" (296) will hardly fail to be admired. Mr. Frost's "Subject from Milton" (453) is too familiar to need criticism; nor need we do more than call attention to Mr. Jones's "Review in Hyde Park" (334).

An exquisite head of "Miranda" (453), by Mr. Dicksee; "Une Matelotte" (447), by Mr. Hayllar; Mr. Fisher's "Nora Creina" (272), Mr. Burgess's "Beauty of Valentia" (551), and "Musing" (304), by Mr. Hay, are all studies of heads that deserve very high praise. Mr. Anderson's "Cuddling the Brains" (440) is very clever, and enlists all our sympathies on the side of the poor child who finds that "Multiplication is a vexation." "The Fairest of the Fair" (514), by Mr. Bowkett, is a pleasant, quaint little picture that one carries away in one's memory. Mr. Buckner's "Biondina" (541) is as charming as any number of Mr. Buckner's "Biondina"

always are. Mr. Martin's Spanish girl, in No. 432, is piquant and saucy, and Mr. Schmitt's reader, in No. 251, sombre and richly painted.

Undoubtedly, one of the most charming among the smaller pictures in this particular class is Miss Ellen Edwards's "Sleeping Child" (368). The drawing is really excellent, and there is some difficult foreshortening in the position in which Miss Edwards has posed that most difficult of all things to draw well—a child's head. The colouring is pure and warm, and the shadows transparent and clean. "Mistress Barbara" (512) does not please us so much.

Mr. Morris's "Battle Scar" (516) has good points, but the whole (even the capital old woman's head) is spoiled by the absurd delicacy of the soldier's bare arm. Mr. Patten's "Guilt" (502) is a very extravaganza of feeling. Mr. Ritchie's "Border Fair" (319) and "Pantomime" (431) are dirty and flat. Mr. Pope's "Relics" (303) shall not have our reverence; nor shall Mr. Hicks's "Lesson in Faith" (475) make us believers in it. Mr. Robinson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" (611) recalls a line of Tennyson's ditto—

Some one has blundered.

Mr. Daniel's "Woman in White" (533) is obtrusive, but there are good points in it.

We should like to see Mr. Scott's "Sea-King's Funeral" (529) a little nearer. It appears confused and exaggerated, although some passages make us wish for a closer acquaintance. Some one whispers, however, that the institution does not pretend to hang good pictures above the line. Isn't it a pity it should hang bad ones at all? Pictures like Mr. Hopley's "Rachel" (271) and Mr. Reinhardt's "Triumph of Christ" (290) are so hopelessly bad that their exhibition here is an insult to the public and the really good painters whose pictures hang on the same walls with them.

"A Farmyard with Merino Sheep, at Barbison" (412), by M. Chaigneau, is a splendid picture, and ranks high in an exhibition, even, in which there are "three Landseers." Mr. Herring, jun., exhibits some clever animals, "Horses and Poultry" (235) being perhaps the best specimen of his style; and Mr. Herring, sen., has a masterly picture of "Mares and Foals" (573) on the walls. "Early Lambs" (323), by Mr. Duvall, and Mr. Neale's "Wild Cat at Bay" (393), are careful studies of nature; and Mr. Gray's "Gipsy's Home" (616) is good. In No. 274 we meet again with Mr. A. Simms, and find the same promise as in a former picture.

Mr. T. Landseer, chiefly known as the faultless reproducer of his brother's pictures on the steel, shows in a large canvas "Cause and Effect" (318) that, had he not devoted himself to the graver in his brother's cause, he might have wielded the brush to some purpose. A huge oak has sheltered a herd of deer from the storm, when suddenly the blue belt falls on the fated tree and scatters trunk and limbs, crashing and rending in every direction. The herd flies, but the lurid light reveals one touching incident—a doe and tiny fawn have fallen victims to the lightning.

Another picture which will be regarded with interest is the last work of the late Mr. Duffield—No. 387—a swan and peacock, with a background dashed in by the bold and dextrous pencil of Mr. Gilbert.

In No. 353 the habitué of the picture-galleries will be pained to find Mr. Abraham Cooper's immemorial white horse, which has figured in camp and court, on hawking ground and battle-field so often, has come at last to be the drudge of a gipsy caravan.

Among the landscapes will be found two of Mr. Walton's marvellous Alpine views (Nos. 299, 490). No artist save Mr. Walton has probably ever attempted to read—certainly no one has ever succeeded in penetrating—the secret of that solitude which reigns in these still regions among the everlasting peaks, whose crown is of snow, whose jewels are of opalescent ice, whose canopy is the intense blue of the cold sky.

From the Pole to the Tropics—from Mr. Walton to M. Mignot—it is easy for the critic "to waft a sigh." "The Sunset on the Guayaquil" (558) of the last-named artist is a thing to vent a sigh of enjoyment over, not to attempt to bring down to mere prose. The smouldering edges of the lurid clouds—the still expanse of the broad stream—the lofty palms, unstirred by a breath of air, are so many passages of a poem which our readers must go and read for themselves.

Mr. Niemann's view of "Hampstead Heath" (601) is marked by a vigour that borders dangerously on coarseness. The light, however, is well painted; and the forms of the trees carefully rendered. The figures are hardly happy.

His "Vale of Festiniog" (234) is far more to our taste. The middle distance is painted with great feeling, and there is no approach to the rough-grained texture which mars the larger work.

"The Timber-Drags" (349), by Mr. G. Cole, is full of the sad and tender poetry of sunset; and the painting is as excellent as it well can be. Mr. Mogford's "Fisherman's Home on the Tamar" (320) is a perfect transcript of the lovely scenery on that loveliest of Devonshire rivers. If we have missed Mr. Mogford on the seashore in the exhibition—and we want a few more really good marine pictures this year—we are obliged to confess that the temptations of such a scene as the one he has realised so vividly might be sufficient to keep him away from the ocean for a while.

Of marine pictures we have two by Mr. Hayes. No. 381 is not so felicitously painted as usual; but "The Ramsgate Tug" (431) is unsurpassable, whether we regard the painting of the sea or the sky. Mr. Koekkoek exhibits two good views; and there are one or two creditable ones by Mr. Wilson.

We must confess that, bearing in mind Mr. G. Sant's picture in this gallery last year, we were a little disappointed in his view "In the Isle of Wight" (493), although it is a very clever work, and in some passages—for instance, the chalky, straggling path up the hillside—marvellously true to nature. Mr. Talfourd's "God's Acre" (289) is evidently carefully painted from nature also, but it is so unfairly placed that it is impossible to judge of its merits properly. Mr. A. Dawson's "Leicestershire Village" (365) must not pass without a word of praise; nor must Mr. Rose's exquisite little pictures (257, 594), while Mr. Peel for No. 507, and Mr. Pitt for Nos. 339 and 627, also win an honourable mention.

Mr. Jutsum's "Old Bridge" (341), Mr. Boddington's "View on the Thames" (252), Mr. G. A. Williams's "Brook" (397), and Mr. Hering's "St. Remo" (340), are all works that are worthy of the names attached to them.

Mr. Hargitt's "Ben Venue" (480) will add to this rising young artist's well-deserved reputation, and Mr. Stanfield's "Mill Bridge" (350) shows signs of rapid improvement in tone and colour.

Mr. Goldie's "On the Ramparts at Wurzburg" (352) has considerable originality and vigour. Mr. Finnie's "Leafy Month of June" (444) is painted with his usual loving care—a care which is emulated by Mr. Lupton in his elaborate foreground to the "Old Bridge on the Colne" (567), in which the foliage in front is most minutely realised.

Of Mr. Lewis's two pictures—both exquisite—we like most "The Brook" (581); the drawing of the horse in No. 617 is, even if correct, awkward and unpleasant, jarring on the delight inspired by the rest of the picture. We should desire a closer acquaintance with Mr. Coppard's "Early Spring" (379) before pronouncing decidedly on its merits. It looks well where it hangs; but we know how obliging Distance is in the matter of little loans of Enchantment. Two views of the coast at "Eastbourne" (328, 346), by Miss Bowkett, are very pleasing indeed. Mr. Gill's "Fall of the Clyde" (291) is an exceptionally good painting of tumbling waters, green and white well mingled as the whole body shoots out of sight over the ledge. A "Moonrise" (266) and a "Sunset" (521), by Mr. Gilbert, are good specimens of the style of this facile and prolific artist; and two sky-studies, "Morning and Evening" (241), by Mr. O'Brien, are most praiseworthy. A "Brazilian Forest Scene" (409), by Mr. Heade, is a lovely bit of luxuriant foliage; and Mr. Oakes's "Scene on the Fal" (454) and Mr. Railton's "Haunt of the Kingfisher" (457) are two gems.

"On the Scheidt" (437), by Mr. Webb; "Autumn" (409), by Mr. Jones; "A Bridge near Dolgelly" (572), by Mr. Barker; and "A Cliff," by Mr. Filby, are all the pictures to be looked for and lauded before we leave the gallery with the impression that, on the whole, the exhibition is perhaps a trifle better than last year.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE CHARMED BULLET.

(Continued from page 91.)

111.

"I suppose," remarked the old sexton, "you can remember Blue Hans, who used to travel about the country with Prussian blue for sale, and to whom, on that account, the children gave the nickname he was known by?"

"Certainly I do," replied Helzig. "He was said to have carried on other trades, too; and I know that, when youngsters, we were always afraid of going near his cottage at night, because it was reported he was in league with the Evil One."

"Quite right. That is the man. It is true that people talk a great deal, and frequently say more than they can answer for; but in this case they did not go very far beyond the mark, for Blue Hans had a good deal upon his conscience—so much, that at last he could bear it no longer, and poured out his sins into the bosom of the Church."

"I did not think," observed Helzig, "that he died in such a repentant state."

"Because it was too late, Helzig," said the official. "The Evil One had already got his soul too securely; he prowls about like a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour."

"But what, in the name of goodness, did Hans do?"

"He cast charmed bullets," said the sexton, crossing himself, and looking timidly through the evening twilight, as though he feared the Evil One might be standing behind him and listening. "He cast charmed bullets with the Evil One and went shooting with them, so that he was able to bring down just whatever game he chose."

"Is that to be done?" inquired Helzig, quickly and anxiously.

"Is it to be done? What cannot be done, when undertaken by bad men, with the assistance of the Evil One? But where does it lead you? Straight to Satan's kingdom. No one knew where Blue Hans all at once learned how to shoot, or whence he got his venison. In spite, however, of the fact that the keepers watched for him in every nook and corner of the forest, and offered a large reward among themselves for whoever should catch him, it was of no avail; they never even heard the report of a gun; nay, could find no track in the snow, although it is certain he must have crossed it with the stolen game. They merely discovered here and there in the forest traces of blood, or entrails left behind. Once a rumour was rife that a young keeper from the neighbouring district had met Blue Hans. The report of a gun and cries for help were heard; but, when the people reached the spot, the poor young fellow was lying in his blood, dead. No proof, however, could be brought home to the supposed perpetrator of the crime. As a matter of course, dead men tell no tales."

"True," said Helzig, slowly nodding his head; "dead men tell no tales."

"He went on in this way for a number of years, until, at last, he probably became alarmed for the safety of his soul. During a fearful storm, Blue Hans had remained till morning in the wood. The storm had rooted up a number of trees, torn the roofs off houses, thrown down chimneys, and done other fearful damage. In the morning Blue Hans suddenly came to the late priest. He looked pale and alarmed. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair hung wildly about his forehead, and his knees trembled so that he could scarcely walk. At last he opened his heart to the priest, and confessed all that oppressed his soul. He owned that, in the unholy hours of night, and in the name of the Evil One—nay, with his assistance—he had cast bullets, and, from that time forth, poached and been guilty of many other kinds of wickedness; and now, when the Evil One demanded his soul, he wished to fly back for refuge into the bosom of the Church, as he said he had only one of these enchanted bullets left, and had gone out into the forest on the previous night to cast fresh ones. Something terrible must then have happened to cause one who was so hardened a sinner to return in such a fearful state of alarm. The last bullet which he had with him he gave to the priest, in order that the latter might preserve it in some sacred place, and thus keep it from the devil. As for himself, he promised that he would submit to the penance of the Church; but his hour was come—his catalogue of crimes was full. The worthy priest probably told him his mind pretty frankly, for Blue Hans staggered home, quite bewildered, and immediately went to bed. Next morning his door remained closed, and when the neighbours at last burst open the lock to see if any accident had happened to him, he was found lying throttled in his bed."

"Dead men tell no tales!" muttered Helzig, who had understood nothing of the last part of the story beyond its general purport, in an almost inaudible voice.

"What do you say?" inquired his companion.

"I—I wanted to ask you what such a charmed bullet could really do? Could it hit a stag?"

"Ay, or anything else, so people say. I myself would fain not believe it; but it is certain that the Evil One is powerful, and takes advantage of all the means in his power to seduce poor mortals from the path of right into that of ungodliness. As the report goes, and as the unhappy man then told his spiritual pastor, he had only to load his gun with a bullet and then discharge the latter in the direction where the game was, no matter how distant the animal he had in view—nay, of which he only thought, or named aloud—and it was sought out by the bullet, and the devil guided it right through its heart."

"Right through its heart?"

"Yes; and for a certain number of these bullets the wretched man had disposed of his eternal salvation to the Evil One."

"And the bullet I saw belonged to Blue Hans? It is one of the true, real bullets, is it?" inquired Helzig, in a low and almost timid voice.

"Certainly," was the reply. "It has been placed there as a warning and example to deter other bad men, and teach them that they can obtain salvation from Heaven alone. But it is getting late, my lad; the dew is already falling perceptibly, and I should not like to be in for a cold."

With these words the old man rose, and proceeded slowly in the direction of his own home. Helzig walked on by his side until they came to a point where the roads separated. Then, after a deep reverence to the official, who responded only with a slight, good-natured nod, he turned off towards the wine-shop.

But even there he was not at ease. He could not divest himself of an uncomfortable feeling that every one was looking at his right ear, and, although this was completely concealed by the collar of his coat, he was still oppressed among the crowd of jovial toppers, who, in reality, did not take the slightest notice of him.

One thing alone occupied his mind—if he had now such a charmed bullet as the sexton had spoken of, and merely by speaking a word, and from a safe distance could render the keeper, who was so dangerous to him, harmless—*dumb*! He hastened out into the night air to cool his burning forehead; but with such plans agitating his brain how could he hope for relief? Exhausted and tired to death, he at length hurried home, threw himself on the bed, and in a wild, torturing dream, again went through all the incidents of the day just passed, went through all his fear, with the horrible results, possible and impossible, which it suggested, but he could find no repose.

When he got up next morning his limbs seemed as if they had been beaten. Scarcely knowing what he did, he dressed himself and went into the town. He could not stay at home.

"Halloa, Helzig! where are you going?" cried the landlord, as the young man was passing the wine shop.

"To Burdorf," was the answer he gave, because it was the first that occurred to him. "Got work there."

"Won't you have a drop first? You'll get out of the way of it if you don't."

"I don't know."

"Have you heard the news from the forest?"

"The news?"

"Ay, with the poacher?"

"No. Well, just as you like; give me a dram. Wky, what has happened?" said Helzig, following the host into the public room with affected indifference.

He got in the shade as much as possible, in a corner of one of the windows, and rested his head upon his right hand.

"Well," said the host, going to a press and taking out the bottle generally demanded by his guest, "the keeper Haller has taken from a poacher a gun, and three or four woodgrouse which the fellow had shot the same morning. He must have been an ugly customer, for they say he defended himself stoutly. He fired, too, at the keeper twice; but the keeper got him down, cut off both his ears, and then let him go. Orders have been issued to the various authorities to discover and arrest the criminal."

"Humph!" said Helzig, who was not at all sorry to hear so exaggerated a report, although the mention of the orders issued did not at all please him. "If he was so near him, he no doubt recognised him."

"They say it was a stranger," said the host, looking askant at his guest, he being the only person in the place who knew anything about the young fellow's occasional depredations among the game, because he purchased it dirt cheap of him. "If you," he continued, looking round the empty room and speaking in a lower tone, "had happened now not to have got your ears on your head, I should have thought of you in connection with the story."

"Nonsense," muttered Helzig, "I have not been to the wood for a month, and up yonder not at all. Besides, the day before yesterday morning I was in bed with my confounded toothache."

"Did I mention anything about the day before yesterday morning?" asked the host, quickly.

"Of course you did!" muttered Helzig, feeling the hot blood rush to his temples, "from whom else could I have heard it? I understood you to say so, at least."

"Humph! It's possible, though I myself was not aware of it; but it may be the case for all that," observed the host.

"Supposing they were to catch the poacher now," continued Helzig, after a short pause, "what would they do with him?"

"House of Correction!" answered the host, laconically; "and I fear they will catch him, for the keeper is reported to have said that if he ever saw him again he would single him out from among a thousand. Did you say anything?"

"I? No! Give me another dram."

"The keeper is coming over early to-morrow morning," observed the host, complying with his companion's request.

"What, the keeper Haller?" cried Helzig, quickly, and in alarm.

"Yes. Does that astonish you?"

"Astonish me? No. But what business has he got here? He is coming to spy about, I suppose."

"It's about the timber that was cut down some eight or ten weeks ago on the Burdorf boundary, and about which there was a dispute between the two parishes. It is now to be sold by auction for their joint benefit."

"Yes, I know," said Helzig, pulling his cap lower down on the right side of his face; "so this sale is to take place to-morrow, is it?"

"Yes—What are you going so soon?" inquired the host, as Helzig got up and turned towards the door. "Wait till church is over; we shall have company enough then."

"Thank you, I—I will just take a turn and have a look at the timber. Perhaps I may bid for some."

"It will go cheap," said the host, as, after a hasty salutation, Helzig left the wine-shop and walked on through the town into the open country.

IV.

Helzig was in a most desperate state of mind. The exaggerated report about his adventure might perhaps protect him for a short period; but if he really met the keeper, or if the slightest suspicion were excited against him, so that he was summoned to appear before the Court, he was lost, and justice did not joke with poachers. The House of Correction, to all appearance, awaited him.

"Dead men tell no tales." He could not drive these words and this idea out of his head. Supposing he could render the forester *dumb*, so that the latter could not appear against him, who could prove that he had been in the forest on the morning in question, and shot the woodgrouse? But how was this to be effected? It is true that if he possessed such a charmed bullet, or if he could obtain the one which— But this would involve a new crime, a fresh sin.

A feverish feeling of anxiety seized on him. The sun oppressed him; the light of day—nay, his own shadow—inspired him with fear, and he ran out of the village into the wildest thicket of the woods, merely for the sake of waiting, alone and unseen, until morning.

But while sitting there he dreaded the evening itself, and that which it would bring with it. He had never felt the day pass so rapidly. The shadows grew longer and longer; the sun sank beneath the clumps of firs, and night set in; but Helzig still remained beneath the solitary birch underneath which he had flung himself, with his head supported on both hands and his eyes riveted on the ground.

At last, with a violent effort, he arose and crept along the borders of the fields towards the village and his own hut. He did not answer his mother when she asked him where he had been all day, but went into his own room, where, under the flooring, he kept his gun, powder, and shot concealed. He picked out from amongst the old bullets one which struck him as of the same size as that which he had seen in the church. He then selected from his tools a small steel saw to cut through the bars before the window of the sacristy, and, having thus made his preparations, went down stairs to his mother to keep the old woman company until bed-time. He avoided, however, all her questions by pretending he had toothache, seated himself behind the stove, and there awaited, with a beating heart, the hour of ten to carry out his purpose.

Ten o'clock came. The old woman had already been gone to bed an hour. As the clock struck, Helzig stealthily left the cottage.

Being perfectly acquainted with the place, he easily succeeded in gaining unobserved the churchyard, and, once there, glided quickly to the little window of the sacristy, which lay deep in the shade of the high buttresses, for the purpose of cutting through the thin protecting iron bars. Hardly a quarter of an hour elapsed before he had effected this; the worm-eaten window-frame, too, gave way, and, trembling with fear and horror, Helzig stood within the dark and sacred edifice.

He did not, of course, dare to strike a light, as that would have instantly betrayed him, the windows of the priest's house overlooking those of the church. He was, however, sufficiently well acquainted with the church to do without such help, and, when he had overcome his first irrepressible feeling of dread, he made a violent effort and summoned up all his energies to finish as speedily as possible what he had begun.

The sacristy-door leading into the nave of the church was not locked. He opened it carefully, and peered into the dark space which lay before him. The church was a small one, but to Helzig, at that moment, it seemed boundless. The roof rose up towards heaven, and the stars, with their sly, twinkling eyes, peeped down through the small, narrow windows on the church robber, as though warningly and threateningly.

Helzig hesitated upon the threshold. It seemed as if some unknown power were compressing his throat; he could hardly draw breath, and his limbs trembled as if with fever. He soon turned round, and was on the point of fleeing from the place, which began to have certain strange terrors for him. But, should he return without accomplishing his purpose, when the object of his desire, the wished-for bullet, lay within arm's length? No! Clutching his teeth firmly, he stepped into the nave, and glided by the tall, gloomy pillars, while the noise of his footsteps resounded through the church. He once stopped in affright, when such a stillness reigned throughout the deserted building that he could hear his heart beat; and that shadow yonder, that flitted past on the

star-illumined wall? He did not dare to pursue any further the thought that supernatural beings were watching his unholy proceedings, and were, perhaps, already stretching out their avenging hands to punish him.

He had now reached the altar. Above him stood the lofty golden cross, and, near it, the two immense silver candelabra, with the white, shiny, wax candles in them; while yonder, on the altar-cloth, he no longer saw the cross or the candelabra; for the glass case, under which the bullet lay, glimmered before him; and, while his left hand raised the lid of the case, his right groped its way towards the coveted treasure.

He had but too well remarked the spot where it lay; his fingers grasped it. The next moment he had concealed it in his pocket, and safely perpetrated the robbery. Then, with convulsive haste, he put the other bullet in the place of the one he had taken.

The deed was done. He had in his possession a treasure which for him was priceless; and, despite the terror which still held him captive, a triumphant smile darted across his pallid features.

But the deserted building appeared to him to grow more and more unearthly. He fancied he heard, passing by him, a rustling and crisp sound, as of light robes, accompanied by low whispers. Was it the old lime-trees outside the windows, and the wind whistling through the young leaves, or was it his evil conscience, which conjured up these ghostlike fancies? He thought he felt some one breathing cold upon him, and, terror-stricken, he fled towards the door leading to the sacristy. But where was it? It was not in that portion of the wall which he had reached, and some flowers, dedicated by a pious hand to the picture of some saint or other, rustled beneath his touch and caused him to start back in terror and dismay. He groped his way along, almost frightened to death by the stone heads and ornamental scrollwork of the wall—along, along, until he was under the windows, the coloured glass of which threw an unnaturally light shadow into the interior of the edifice. The door could not possibly be there. He was obliged to retrace his steps, and recommence, but with no better result, his efforts to find the entrance. This had disappeared. Bathed in perspiration, and hiding his face in his hands, he at last fell upon his knees, and groaned aloud.

He was a prisoner: held captive by firm stone walls which had closed in upon him. The door had disappeared; and, pent up inside the holy edifice he had desecrated, he would have to await the day, and then be delivered up, bound in chains, as a sacrilegious robber, as a sacrifice to the laws which he had offended.

He sprang up in consternation, and gazed at the tall painted windows above him. It was still possible he might escape through them, if he could only reach the high stone coping. But, then, what a noise and clatter the broken window panes would make as they fell to the ground! What did he care about that? It was absolutely necessary that he should be free—free from the gloomy walls which threatened to crush him, even if it cost him his life.

He sprang up wildly, and, in mad haste, scrambled towards the stone window-sill. But the wall was here smooth, and afforded him no hold. In vain did he clutch at it, and, with the greatest exertion, endeavour to work his way up to the slanting window-sill. For about a moment he remained hanging to it, but then his fingers let go. He fell heavily backwards; and a sound as of derisive laughter echoed in his ears; the organ commenced pealing, the bells were rung, while a chorus of invisible spirits howled an accompaniment, and he fell prostrate on the pavement.

(To be continued.)

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

It will not be for the want of excellent practical examples of the science if the general public do not become, in a rough-and-ready sort of way, tolerable engineers. No one can walk far nowadays, or journey much by road or rail, without coming in sight of some stupendous mechanical contrivance for facilitating traffic or erecting bridges and buildings. The Thames Tunnel is a mere trifle as an engineering work to what has been accomplished in the subterranean railway, and the subterranean itself is about to be outdone by its own extension, for the completion of which it will be necessary to make a second tunnel underneath the first. Tunnels, viaducts, and scaffolds are, in fact, familiar to everyone. Of the latter we have in London just now four excellent specimens—that for the bridge at Cannon-street, that which forms the temporary bridge at Blackfriars, that for the removal of the old bridge, and that which will soon dam out some ten or eleven acres of the Thames, and reclaim it for the great embankment between Westminster and Blackfriars. Just now the works connected with this really gigantic undertaking are in full operation; and the whole series of processes by which cofferdams are commenced, continued, and completed can be watched in all their stages, from the first pile driven at Hungerford Bridge to the perfect series of caissons which now shut out the Thames from the large area inclosed below Westminster. It will probably be very long before Londoners will again have such an opportunity of studying practical engineering on the most extensive scale. Steam and hand pile-drivers, steam and hand pumps, steam cranes and travellers, with steam machinery for driving air-pumps; men working at the top of lofty timbers, or down in the darkness far below the bed of the river, filling the cofferdams by sluices to flush out the mud, and then pumping it out again by steam; with stones, bricks, rubbish, offal, dirty water, and all the unsavoury flotsam and jetsam which go to make up the River Thames: these and a hundred other operations and contrivances are always in work, day after day, and from morning to night.

We this week publish an Engraving showing the present state of the work on the lower section, or No. 2 contract, as it is called, and which extends from Waterloo Bridge to the east end of the Temple Gardens. In our Illustration the spectator is supposed to be looking towards Blackfriars. The earth in front of the Temple Gardens has been raised to a level with the gardens themselves, and nearly the whole space is filled up between the garden wall and the timber scaffolding which marks the outer line of the projected embankment, so that there is little or no water now to be seen within the temporary piles. Mr. Ritson, the contractor for this portion of the work, is pushing on operations with all possible vigour; and both here and on Mr. Furness's contract, higher up the stream, the building of the permanent embankment will shortly be commenced. We shall from time to time publish further illustrations of the progress of this gigantic undertaking.

Nothing is, of course, yet being done either with the low-level sewer or the subway which is to pass along the whole length of the embankment. The former will be a simple circular tunnel of nine feet in diameter, and laid almost as low as the foundations of the embankment itself. The subway above it will be nine feet wide by seven feet high for the gas and water pipes and telegraphic wires, so as to do away with all that endless competition between gas and water companies as to who shall oftenest pull up the pavements and stop the greatest number of streets in the course of the year. These works, however, are likely to be kept well in hand as the embankment progresses, and it is only to be hoped that the railway which is to pass under it and behind it may be in the same state of readiness. Certainly, the works of the latter ought to proceed as the granite face of the embankment itself advances, or else on such very new-made ground there might be a movement caused by the railway works which would be as injurious to the railway as to the embankment itself. We believe, however, that in a short time it is intended to commence this railway, which will complete Mr. Fowler's celebrated metropolitan inner circle.

SALE OF WOOLWICH DOCKYARD.—Some months since a Committee, appointed by the House of Commons, recommended that the dockyards of Woolwich and Deptford should be disposed of, and the proceeds be appropriated towards the extension of the dockyards at Pembroke, Malta, &c. It is now stated at Woolwich that negotiations are either in progress, or have been completed, for the sale of Woolwich dockyard to an eminent ship owning and building firm at Blackwall.

THE NEWPORT MARKET REFUGE.

THE REFUGE FROM THE "POOR LAW."

It might be worth while to inquire (if there were not some hope that the question may be asked in the House of Commons) in what respect the operation of the new arrangements for the relief of the casual poor has exhibited an improvement during the bitter nights of the present winter? We all know how, for a greater number of years than can be mentioned without a burning sense of shame, men, women, and children have been seen nightly crouching beneath bare workhouse walls, or huddled, starved and freezing, mere heaps of tatters, at the workhouse gate, which is furnished with more repellent devices to keep out the poor than that of the well-warmed and well-victualled prison which is designed to keep in the criminal.

We all remember how, directly an unexpected demand was made upon their resources, the system of casual relief at the London unions broke down altogether, and police magistrates had to do the work of relieving officers in addition to their own onerous duties. It was felt that some radical alteration in the method of administering succour to the houseless poor must be immediately commenced, or each recurring winter would bring upon us the disgrace of suffering human beings to die in our very streets for want of coarse food and rough shelter. Forthwith, the matter was placed under the control of an independent board. The parochial authorities in every district were bidden to beat themselves; and it went forth as the law of the land that, from that time, no wretched wanderer in the pitiless streets should lack, in extremity, a night's shelter and a scanty meal. No such word as *can't*—still less, any such word as *shan't*—was thenceforth to be permitted to workhouse officials, and casual wards were enlarged and beds provided to meet any probable emergency. Now, what has been the result of this intelligible and highly-commended arrangement, which was to afford at least a temporary relief to the casual poor, at all events, till legislation could be more particularly directed to the subject?

Just this: That parochial officers care nothing whatever for any board or authority but that of the local guardians, and assert their independence boldly and coarsely. That the parochial satellites still refuse to open the doors of the casual wards, whether those wards are full or not, and often refuse, with brutal incivility, to give any relief whatever to the fainting, frozen outcasts; while the beds provided for them are unoccupied, and the coarse parish loaf is uncut. Anybody who desires to see what is the result of this, and how, apart even from this cause, each night brings to an army of wretched houseless men and women no hope but to cower under the shelter of a doorway or hide themselves in unnoticed nooks, and grapple with the cold for life, till morning comes with its accusing proof of vagrancy; above

all, if anybody should desire to learn how private beneficence and charity, surviving the operation of the poor law, and, noting its awful failure, has made an effort to establish some means of saving at least a regiment or so of this miserable army, let him go any night to the Newport-market Refuge, where, in one of those "worst districts" of which there are so many in our great city, he

will see hundreds of such forms and developments of misery as can be little estimated even by reading "cases of destitution" in the newspapers. It was the frequent recurrence of these cases, revealing the fact of so many deaths from exposure and exhaustion, however, which first induced the effort to do something for the alleviation of so much suffering; and, in December, 1863, the Rev. John Williams, the Curate of the district parish of St. Mary, Soho, made the first step in the right direction by visiting some of the workhouses—or, rather, some of the workhouse gates—where the poor miserable creatures whom he saw huddled together outside had been denied admission. We have reason to believe that the experience of Mr. Williams in this respect has not changed by the supposed alteration of the law with regard to the reception of the casual poor; and just as the first room hired for the purpose of giving shelter to eight or nine men was every night filled with rejected applicants for admission to the casual ward, so a very large proportion of the 17,600 houseless men and women who have found a shelter and a meal there during the past year have been paupers "that nobody owned"—outcasts of the poor law and the rejected of union porters.

It has been discovered, moreover, now that the Refuge has grown both in vitality and active usefulness, that the houseless poor do not consist merely of tramps and vagrants, such as workhouse officials wage perpetual war against, but that a considerable proportion includes respectable men and women rendered destitute through illness and misfortune, our forlorn brothers and sisters who are ashamed of their poverty, and would hide away even from human sympathy, if that sympathy were only to take the form of the workhouse dole and the official order. For these the poor law offers no provision adapted to their necessities, nor was it ever designed to afford them the relief which can only be afforded by that personal charity and judicious help which is able to deal with individual cases. It is for these, and for cases in which the misery consequent upon a false step may yet be retrieved if only a saving hand be held out to help the soul ready to perish, that the Newport-market Refuge and similar institutions are primarily designed. In the numerous cases where this noble effort began a short time ago, and now in the full tide of usefulness has succoured the poor creatures who seek its shelter, there is a glorious percentage of men and women restored to the life to which they had begun to look hopelessly back. In that strange district just beyond the French quarter of London, behind Leicester-square, where *cremeries* and wine-shops, foreign barbers, sausage merchants, sellers of gallette, keepers of frowsy little our-smelling restaurants, and tradespeople who seem to have brought with them a back street of Paris and settled down in it as pur-



OUT IN THE COLD.



SNUG IN THE REFUGE.

veyors to the foreign colony of London—just on the edge of this queer locality lies the maze of streets including Newport Market, and abounding, as such markets do, with hucksters' barrows, greengrocers' stalls, brokers' shops, butchers' shops, bakers' shops, hardware, laces, rope onions, welks, fried fish, dogs'-meat, and a good deal of general offal. The prevailing commodity at Newport Market, however, is meat, since the market itself lies close to the shambles, where any casual wayfarer may stand amongst a listless crowd of small boys and witness the disembowelling of a bullock and the skilful flaying of a sheep.

Now, it so happened that, when the Rev. John Williams had begun the good work of founding a refuge, and some other charitable people had begun to help, and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, had fearlessly undertaken the task of raising funds to start a night refuge, one of these old slaughter-houses which had for some time been disused was offered to the committee as a suitable building. Its suitability consisted mainly in its size, and in the fact that it was a lofty place, with a clear run to the roof, so that ventilation might be easily secured; but it was difficult to adapt to human habitation, and the rent demanded was large. While the committee hesitated, however, the Chancellors of this Charitable Exchequer came to the rescue with £1200, raised amongst her personal friends; and the slaughter-house, with its adjoining premises, containing some large upper apartments, became a refuge.

Well warmed by pipe-stoves, and well ventilated through its high roof, cleansed, lime-whited, and drained, the refuge retains its original form, and there every night the houseless poor find rest and shelter.

In the men's ward the beds, which are but strips of cocoanut matting stretched from iron rods and covered with coarse rugs, occupy the square brick-partitioned spaces (that were formerly the cattle stalls) which extend down the whole length of the building on each side. The women's ward is an upper room, and has been already represented by an Engraving in our pages. The children are provided for in some smaller apartments, and (with the women) are under the especial care of two Sisters of Mercy, one of whom came from East Grinstead in order to take up her abode in the building and devote herself to this labour of love.

Every day this lady may be seen in the small, plainly-furnished room in which she resides; or out in the streets bringing in the destitute women and little ones; or her bright, cheerful face and gentle voice re-awakening good influences in the sorrowful hearts to which she brings help and comfort.

Every night, and often all night long, the Rev. John Williams, faithful to his care of souls and rescue of bodies, is there—patient, experienced, and with a steadfast calm manner tempering an underlying tenderness of heart that would of itself cause him to shrink from suffering. Questioning, counselling, exhorting; at the gate assisting the porter to provide for the claimants for every foot of space; in the streets seeking the weary wayfarers who know of none to help them; he is a constant witness of scenes like those seen by our artist, and which are known but to few besides those devoted to such work as his.

This is on week-days. On Sundays, the great, long, lofty shed, once a slaughter-house, is filled with a congregation who occupy forms in every available nook of the main ward and turn the square compartments into family pews. Then, in a short and appropriate evening service, the Curate, who has been their friend and counsellor in the week, calls upon them to seek an everlasting refuge in a building not made with hands.

Surely, when those who have so devoted themselves to this noble work see the poor, destitute men and women—above all, when they watch the starving little ones who have been snatched from the agony of the streets, and know that they are warmed and fed, however coarsely, they must feel that they have obtained their reward already.

But though the beds are, as we have said, mere strips of sacking covered with rags—though the meal is but half a pound of bread and a mug of coffee—the relief at present administered costs £1000



COMMANDER SOMMEILLER, PROJECTOR AND DIRECTOR OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

a year, while the actual income from subscriptions is but £300. Many handsome donations have come in this winter, partly in consequence of the representations of the public press; but more is required. There is a boys' permanent refuge to be set on foot; there are funds required to do more in the matter of food and medicine for the sick and aged. The vineyard is large, and the labourers want help.

At the recent annual meeting, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who occupied the chair, advocated the claims of the institution warmly, and with a thorough appreciation of its benefits; and anyone who visits the place itself will come away with an impression that though the failure of the poor laws may be a disgrace to our former legislation, the neglect to provide for the necessities of the destitute and the houseless would be still worse—a disgrace to our humanity.

THE TUNNEL THROUGH MONT CENIS.

We have already published in our columns some account, accompanied with Illustrations, of the operations now in progress for piercing a tunnel through Mont Cenis, and we are able this week to present our readers with an Engraving of the machine used for boring the mountain, and with a Portrait of M. Sommeiller, the projector and director of this tremendous work, which will, it is believed, take ten years to complete, so that in the mean time it is proposed to construct a railway over the mountain, an English system to be adopted on the French ascent and on the Italian side that of Agudios.

The tunneling of the Alps between Bardonnèche and Modena, known as the tunneling of Mont Cenis, because the new route is to supersede the passage of that mountain, has been long in progress,

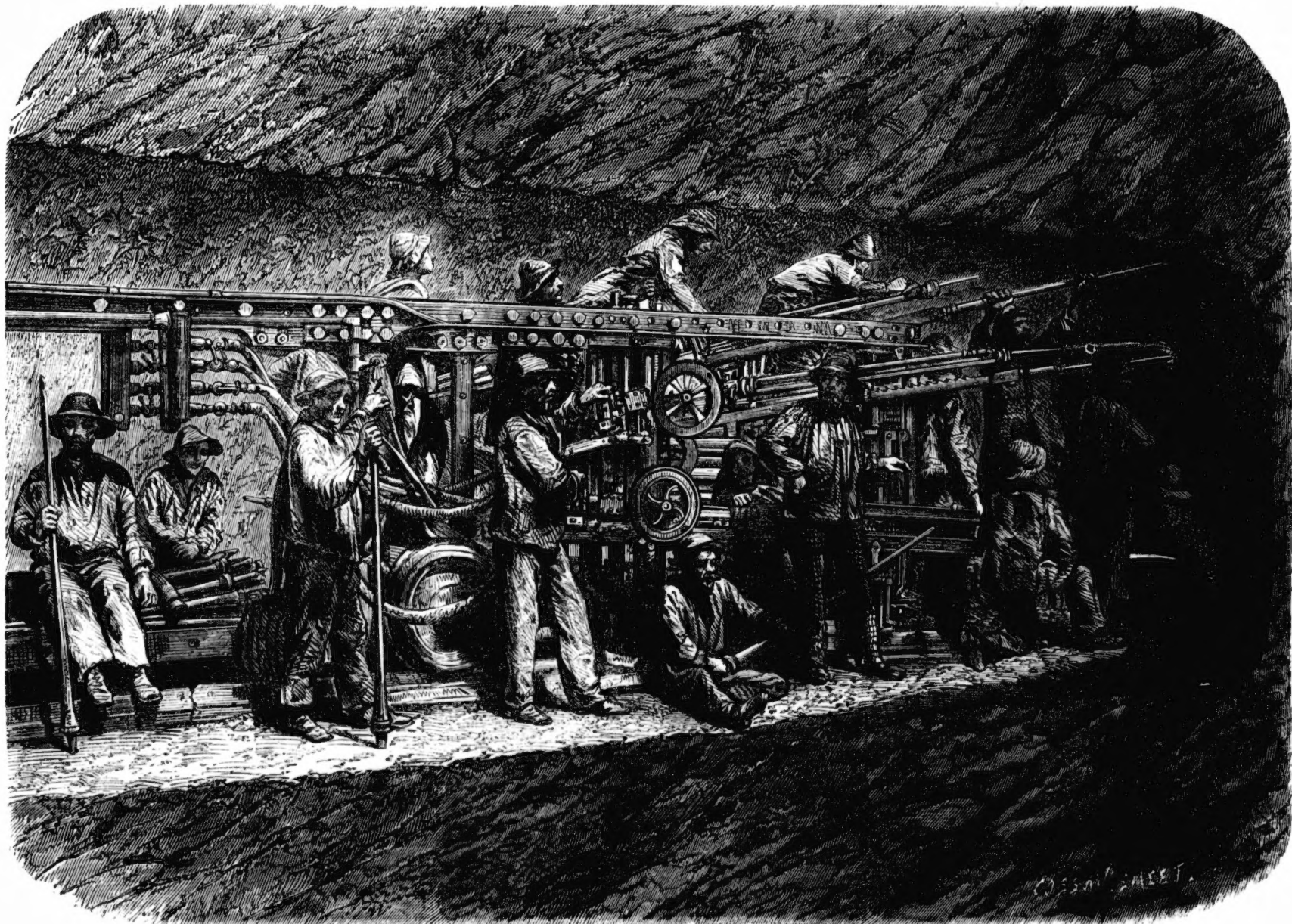
and its prosecution on the part of the Piedmontese Government was in a great measure due to the influence of Count Cavour. The piercing of this subterranean road, which will extend for a distance of about eight miles, is executed by an ingenious system of machinery introduced by Messrs. Grandis, Grattoni, and Sommeiller, who have introduced into the work the application of compressed air.

At each entrance of the tunnel a canal of water has been brought from the adjacent streams, and the pneumatic force has been obtained by the great fall which has thus been secured. At Bardonnèche, where the volume of water is small and the fall considerable, they have at work, immediately under the fall of about eighty feet, machines which are called "compresseurs à choc." At Modena, where the volume of water is greater and the fall less, another system has been adopted, under the name of "compresseurs à pistone liquide," which are moved by means of hydraulic wheels. The atmospheric air, thus compressed so that it is reduced to a sixth of its volume, is inclosed in great iron reservoirs, and thence by means of tubes conveyed to the end of the cutting, and to the machines which bore the first holes for the tunnel, where, after having spent itself as a motive power, it is disseminated in the small space where the labourers are at work, and thus renews the ventilation, dispelling the mephitic atmosphere produced by the combustion of the blasting-powder, the lighted lamps, and the respiration of the workmen. Another great advantage is discovered in the condition of this compressed air, which, having lost a great part of its latent heat, is ready when set free to take up the caloric, and thus lower the temperature.

The little perforating-machines on which this compressed air operates weigh about six hundredweight, and are composed of two principal parts, one movable and the other stationary. The former sets the machinery in motion and the latter bears the drill which bores the rock. These machines travel on tramways, and can be directed to any spot where the work has to be commenced; and there are eight or nine of them at work in various places independently of each other, but all supplied from the same source with air carried by means of flexible tubes; while a movable reservoir of water stands behind the carriage, in order that a stream may be projected against the face of the

rock where the perforators are at work in such a way that their efficacy may be increased, that the dust may be at once moistened and cleared away, and that the tools may be kept cool. The entire place is lighted with gas, of which the reservoirs are beside those of the air, and the distribution is effected by means of flexible tubes, with which each carriage is separately furnished. When the work commences, each machine pierces from eight to ten holes in the side of the mine in such a manner that after one perforation the wall is found to be pierced with from sixty to seventy holes, each of about a yard in depth. The air and gas conductors are then unshipped, and the carriages removed to the sheds which are provided for their protection during the next operation of blasting, which is effected by charging the holes with gunpowder and discharging it until the surface is broken away. The debris is then carried away in trucks on the line of rails, and the operation recommences, the time employed for the piercing and blasting process being about twelve hours. This operation, however, is only applied for opening the first fissure in the rock, which measures about 10 ft. by 7 ft.; and when once this gallery is opened the section is increased to its proper dimensions—which are those of ordinary double-line tunnels—and the work of building succeeds that of destroying.

In all these works the compressed air is continually necessary, either as a motive power or to afford the necessary ventilation. Innumerable difficulties have beset this great engineering enterprise; but gradually many of them have been overcome by the perseverance and energy of the inventors and directors, and the support afforded them by their respective Governments; so that, although there must still elapse a considerable time before the tunneling of Mont Cenis is completed, it will, undoubtedly, be one of the greatest engineering achievements of the present age.



THE TUNNEL THROUGH MONT CENIS: THE PIERCING-MACHINE AT WORK.

THE OPERAS.

MR. FRANK MORI'S operetta, entitled the "Water Sprite," was produced at Covent Garden last week, and was a good deal applauded. The Water Sprite is not a fantastic but a perfectly real personage. She is a pupil of the Conservatoire at Nantes, and, running away from a too passionate and not sufficiently handsome lover, wanders by the banks of the Loire, singing in such an enchanting style that the peasants of the locality take her for a spirit, while the more prosaic and practical manager of a theatre discovers that she will make an admirable prima donna, and offers her an engagement in that capacity. The lover whom she loves is blessed with a tenor voice, and we believe that he finds employment at the same theatre as his innamorata—a part filled with great ability by M^{lle}. Lancia.

The success of "Lara," and, above all, of the Arab song which many admire who care for nothing else in the work, continues; and M. Maillart has addressed the following letter on the subject to Mr. Harrison:—

Dear Mr. Harrison,—Permit me to thank you with all my heart for the flattering zeal and intelligent care with which you have produced "Lara." I deeply regret, and shall always regret, that it was not in my power to be in London on the day when, for the first time, one of my operas was represented in England. The sympathetic favour and kindness with which the English public, whose artistic taste is so elevated, has welcomed my work, touches me profoundly; and I shall never forget the generous hospitality with which the music of "Lara" has been received in the country of the great Byron.

Will you, my dear director, be the interpreter of my sentiments of gratitude to your excellent artists and to my confrère, the Maestro Arditi, your eminent chef-d'orchestre, to whom, as well as to yourself, I am indebted for a good part of the success of my work.

The letter is a very good letter of its kind; but we do not think the success of "Lara" in England is in any way owing to the fact that England is "the country of the great Byron." The opera contains a great deal of pretty music and one very characteristic song. It is well put on the stage, well executed, and the public like it; but we do not believe that the public has discovered, or even thought of discovering, any Byronic qualities in M. Maillart's very lively music.

M. Gounod's opera, "Le Médecin Malgré lui"—otherwise "The Mock Doctor," as Mr. Charles Kenney entitles his English version—is positively announced for the 29th. It may fairly be expected to run until the end of the season; and the English Opera Company will then have produced two original operas by English composers, Mr. Macfarren's "Helvellyn" and Mr. Hatton's "Love's Ransom"; two operettas by English composers, Mr. Clay's "Constance" and Mr. Mori's "Water Sprite"; and one new opera by a French composer, "Le Médecin." The directors will be able to give a good account of their work. If not one of the operas or operettas produced by English composers has been attended with much success, that is evidently the fault of the composers themselves. It was the fashion a few years ago to assert that, if English opera did not succeed in England, the fault lay with the managers, who, until the present year, depended almost exclusively on Messrs. Balfe, Wallace, and Macfarren for new works. Now, the managers of the Royal English Opera Company have put aside the only two composers who ever achieved anything like popularity with the English operatic public; they have kept to Mr. Macfarren, and they have made experiments with other composers. We applaud them for the risk they have incurred in the regions of the comparatively unknown; but we think they will be obliged next year to return to the old bill of fare and to serve up Balfe or Wallace, hot or cold, to a public long accustomed to such diet, and apparently little inclined to adopt any other.

As for the managers of Her Majesty's Theatre, they will not have produced one English work in the course of the whole season, with the exception of Mr. Levey's "Punchinello." "Faust" and "Lara" will have been their great *pièces de résistance* in the musical line. But the chief success at each of our English Opera Houses will have been the pantomime.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

No new comedy, tragedy, farce, or drama has been produced during the week last past, save and except a little *buisser-de-rideau* called "Cousin Adonis; or, Too Handsome for Anything," at the New Royalty. I have not yet seen it, for the weather is cold, as London is aware; and to face blasts of air at box doors and draughts in the stalls at eleven o'clock p.m. requires a courage and a self-sacrifice given to few, and certainly not to your Lounger, even though tempted by a new farce.

At the LYCUM, the famous old stock farce—by-the-way, it is not a farce, but a comedy—of "Simpson and Co." now precedes "The Roadside Inn."

A new drama by Mr. Tom Taylor is in active rehearsal at the OLYMPIC.

Mr. Craven's capital "Dutch picture" of "Milky White" is again playing at the STRAND.

I went, on Monday night, to an "entertainment" given at the Eyre Arms, St. John's-wood, and a very charming entertainment too, as I need not have said I mentioned that it was given by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul. In the sketches of character Mrs. Howard Paul appeared as the Unprotected Female, and Mr. Howard Paul as Mr. Staley Mildew; Miss Annie Radcliffe personated a street newsboy and a remarkable little lady, who finds her diminutive stature the one great inconvenience of her life. The sketches concluded, Mrs. Paul gave her impersonation of Garibaldi, which is a very remarkable and impressive performance. Attired in the famous costume, and with the red-grey, leonine hair and beard, a steel scabbard-sabre strapped to her side, and carrying the tricolour, she sang, in slow, measured accents, the Hymn of Liberty, and the sharp ring of the steel as the sword was bared, and the attitude changed at the words "To Rome or to death!" stirred the blood and woke up a military sympathy in the hearts of the meekest of men and the mildest of women. The entertainment terminated with Mr. William Brough's "Drawing-room burlesque" of "Fra Diavolo." Aubert's great opera has been capitally compressed into half an hour's action, and is played by three persons—Lord Allcash and Beppo, Mr. Howard Paul; Lady Allcash and Zerlina, Miss Annie Radcliffe; and Fra Diavolo, Mrs. Howard Paul—or, rather, Fra Diavolo as played by Mr. Sims Reeves, Mrs. Howard Paul. All theatrical habits are intimate with Mrs. Howard Paul's wonderful powers of personation and personal personation, therefore I need not dilate upon them, but content myself by saying that Mr. Paul was very amusing as the travelling British "swell" familiar to comic literature and as the half-bandid half-pifferaro Beppo; and that Miss Radcliffe was a languid, listless, lazy lady, and a plump, provoking, and piquante "barmaid," with which absurd alliteration—the product of this terrible frost—I will conclude.

Permit me to add a postscript. Miss Adah Isaacs Menken is to return to ASTLEY'S in March. It has been reported that this lady was to appear as Dick Turpin, the Dashing Highwayman, in a new version of "Turpin's Ride to York;" but the latest advices inform us that a new spectacular drama, from the pen of Mr. John Brougham, is to be the vehicle (and horse?) for the exhibition of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken's singular talents. In this case, we may all say, with the most perfect certainty, *Nous verrons!*

THE LATE BURGLARY IN CORNHILL.—A Court of Aldermen was held on Tuesday—Mr. Alderman Sidney in the chair, when the question of the late burglary in Cornhill was under discussion. A letter was read from Mr. Walker soliciting inquiry and impugning the conduct of the police, and also a report from Colonel Frazer, of the police, defending the conduct of his force and complaining of the negligence often shown in securing the premises in the City. An acrimonious dispute took place on the subject between Alderman Copeland and Alderman Carter, but in the end the matter was referred for investigation to the conjointed Police and General Purposes Committees. A person charged with being one of those who committed the great burglary on Cornhill has been apprehended, and was brought before the Lord Mayor on Wednesday. Some portion of the stolen property was found in his possession. It appears the police have received some private information respecting the robbery, from which they infer that four persons altogether were concerned in it, and they anticipate that in a short time the other three will be safe under their charge.

Literature.

Familiar Words—an Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook, with Parallel Passages, or Phrases which have become imbedded in our English Tongue. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. S. Low and Co.

If ever a man writes the life of a King of Golconda he will have to say that the monarch's throne could not be touched without the entranced finger-tip pressing a priceless jewel. "Familiar Words" is a throne of the same kind. Wherever the eye rests it is dazzled with the blaze of some rare flash of beauty or of truth. But there is this difference: the throne is studded with things rare and scarce; the volume is composed of words familiar—that is, common to all. At least they should be so, according to Mr. Friswell's title-page; but it may safely be asserted that but few average well-read men would be "familiar" with one third, or one quarter, of this collection of literary gems and curiosities. All that the book professes to be is explained above. Our business here is to do justice to a wonderful specimen of human labour, which is only too complete, and therefore accomplishes much more than it promises. The copious index must be acknowledged, and, moreover, says Mr. Friswell, "in order to make the body of the book itself an analytical index of its contents, certain prominent words which remain on the surface of the memory have been placed in *italics*;" thus Lord Rochester's line—

The best good man with the worst-natured muse,

often attributed to Pope, occurs not only twice in the index, but under the italicised words, *best good man*, in the body of the book. Those who have to contend with books will recognise the value of such an arrangement. Well-read men, even beyond the average, will be startled to find old friends turning up page after page, and given names by which they never have been known. Mr. Friswell has travelled the byways as well as the highways of literature, and from both has assigned shoals of right things to their right places, besides discovering, as we have said, numbers and numbers more than he has recovered. "The child will grow like the portrait I have painted," said the proud artist to the dissatisfied mother; and so, likely enough, will the greater part of this volume become familiar to many readers who at present are in no way connected with the beauties.

Of course, "Familiar Words" must be accepted as a book to be turned over at random, or else ransacked, via the index, for a particular passage. To a slight extent, we have pursued both plans, and can report favourably as to the industry and fidelity displayed. What is known as "chapter and verse," is given to each quoted authority, and so, as a rule, the most perfect accuracy may be taken for granted; although, indeed, as might be expected, some accidents, incidental to a first edition, have happened and been overlooked. A few random notes may amuse the reader, be useful to Mr. Friswell, and also explain the character of a most commendable book.

Amongst the things not generally known, and which are here explained, is that the phrase "as good as a play" was an exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament, attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill. The couplet,

True patriots we, for be it understood

We left our country for our country's good,

is rightly described as part of a prologue on opening the New South Wales Theatre; but we may add, for Mr. Friswell, the interesting feature that it was written by George Barrington, the pickpocket. The well-known stanzas "On Heavenly Hope, and on Earthly Hope," given here, as usual, to Bishop Heber, were in reality written by the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, and published in that gentleman's poems some twelve years since by Chapman and Hall. "The spacious firmament on high," &c., is worth a little trouble. It is here given to Addison, but has been given to Andrew Marvell. Unfortunately, the M.P. for Kingston-on-Hull is not at hand—nor is the Royal messenger with the bagful of crowns! At page 182 the "ignorance is bliss" is strangely garbled. On the same page the familiar "When lovely woman stoops to folly" is thus described—"GOLDSMITH, *Vic. of Wakefield*, ch. xvii. *Elegy on a Mad Dog*." Now, if Mr. Friswell will be so exact, exactness must be expected from him; but, at page 31, he repeats the mistake, and adds to it. "The only art her guilt to cover" is described as from GOLDSMITH'S *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, chap. xxiv. The celebrated

He that fights and runs away,

May live to fight another day.

is here finally wrested from "Hudibras," and is assigned, upon the whole, to Sir J. Mennis, "Musarum Deliciae," 1656; for Goldsmith surely, was only quoting it in his "Art of Poetry on a New Plan."

The hollow oak our palace is,

Our heritage the sea,

is by Allan Cunningham, not by Hogg. In quoting the "Thirty days hath September," Mr. Friswell strangely omits the last two lines (which can scarcely be called a couplet) concerning Leap Year. In giving Dryden's couplet,

Look round the habitable globe, how few

Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.

A parallel should have been made with the fourteen opening lines of Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes."

"The still small voice" in Tennyson is also in Darwin and in Gray. "His custom always of an afternoon," in "Hamlet," might have been compared with almost identical words in "The Tempest." Mrs. E. B. Browning's description of a railway-engine—a "resonant steam eagle"—has been omitted in later editions. A serious mistake occurs at page 326. The lines in the "Dunciad" are given,

Now, night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in settled numbers one day more.

It should be,

But lives in Settle's numbers one day more;

being a delicate hint of the hopelessness of the muse of Elkanah Settle being known to posterity. At page 170 we have from Cowley, "On the Death of Crashaw,"

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

Now, this must be the original of Pope's

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

But the latter Mr. Friswell does not give. Byron, of the sea, is properly given—

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow;

But surely it calls for the strong parallel line of Cowley,

No conscious wrinkle furrowed on thy brow.

Campbell's "Like angels' visits" is worthy a history to itself. It runs through at least half a dozen authors almost word for word, but in the present volume it meets with but little attention. In a collection of "Familiar Words" should appear, but does not, the line from "The Stranger,"

There is another and a better world.

By-the-way, in a recent anecdote collection by Mr. Timbs it was stated that there was an old story that John Palmer, the actor, fell dead on the stage, whilst uttering the very line; but this must be wrong, as the line in the printed play is given to Mrs. Haller. But recently, when going night after night to see the beautiful acting of M^{lle}. Beatrice, as Mrs. Haller, at the Haymarket, it was perfectly evident that night after night the line was spoken by Mr. Howe, in the character of the Stranger.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height, &c.

(Darwin), finds no place here; but we are glad to find that many everyday quotations, long since considered hopelessly gone astray, are here induced to return to their disconsolate parents. Thus—"When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war" belongs to Nat Lee, in "Alexander the Great." "Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen," is in Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation." "Not dead, but gone before," is from Samuel Rogers; and how often people speak of being "fearfully and wonderfully made," whilst totally forgetting the Psalms! It is not everybody who knows that he is

indebted to Garrick for "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," nor that it is mild Wordsworth who thinks

That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

But Mr. Friswell does not give another passage of Wordsworth—one well known from the horrible fashion in which Byron mentions it. It is the

Divinest instrument

In working out a just intent.

Is Man arrayed for mutual slaughter;

Yes, Carnage is God's daughter!

And authority for that eternal "Brothers all brave and sisters all virtuous" would have been agreeable. But T. Moss is at length reinstated in the "Sorrows of a Poor Old Man," too long enjoyed by Dr. Watts; and despised Theobald comes in for the "None but himself can be his parallel." The "approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed" is ascribed to Thomas Morton ("Cure for the Heart-Ache"), and that famous

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,

But why did you kick me down stairs?

to Isaac Bickerstaff ("Tis Well 'tis no Worse").

The little "taking to pieces" given above will show the valuable and interesting material of "Familiar Words." Some mistakes are inevitable; but, for a list of nearly 10,000 quotations, it is scarcely wrong to say that something like perfection has been attained. Everybody will find something very familiar to themselves omitted; but, in reality, Mr. Friswell has been handsomely catholic. One thing is especially noticeable, that justice has been done to Addison's "Cato"—perhaps suggested by the notice taken of it in the notes to Thackeray's "Humourists." Some day, perhaps, a similar labour of love may be made for Johnson's "Irene."

In leaving this entertaining collection, it is only fair to compliment printer, stationer, and binder; and if Mr. Friswell will only let us know where to find the line

Too fair for worship, too divine for love,

the inscription on the reclining Magdalen of Correggio, in Lord Dudley's collection, it will be ample payment for the few hints here given. And even the legend on the cheap seals,

Though lost to sight to memory dear,

may be anxiously knocking at somebody's heart demanding to know its origin.

By the Sea. By the Author of "Hester Kirton," &c. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

When a novelist's first work is really great or good, a falling-off is generally anticipated in the succeeding fictions. On the other hand, when the ice is broken with three volumes of ordinary ability, it is not asking too much to expect improvement in the future. Putting the "Bad Beginning" out of the question, the writer's next work, "Hester Kirton," was certainly readable; and the next to that, "By the Sea," the latest novel of the authoress, and we feel bound to say that the improvement is not kept up. The story is not altogether transparent; but much of it is more than can be read seriously. The North Foreland must be intimidated as the site of the principal incidents, and a trifling acquaintance with the Margate and Ramsgate of to-day will convince anybody of the hopelessness of getting such events to occur there as are gravely laid down in "By the Sea." However, the writer, to a certain extent, disarms criticism by a couple of quotations from Shakespeare:—

This is the very ecstasy of love;

Whose violent property foredoes itself

And leads the will to desperate undertakings, &c.;

and the

Sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

and, indeed, nothing but madness can account for the strange tricks played by the people of Broadstairs, or wherever they may be located. How the Kentish clergy preach we know not; but, "by the sea" the people do plenty of evil, and plenty of good comes out of it. Phoebe Flower, a young girl, living a year or two ago at Minster, or Pegwell Bay, or near "The Sportsman," is deserted by her priggish lover, who goes up to London and marries a priggish young lady. Miss Flower becomes aware of this, goes to London, half frightens the newly-married pair out of their lives by giving them an imitation of Miss Bateman's curse in "Leah," and at last steals their child. Of course, after a time they recover the child; but the loss has turned the two foolish parents into a good man and woman. Phoebe, in turn, is kidnapped by a French captain of smugglers (ever since Cobden's treaty Thanet has abounded with French smugglers); but she is miraculously re-stolen by two Englishmen, who have previously saved her life, and she marries the right man, as she ought to have done at first. Here are clearly more evil and more good resulting from it; for, whilst kidnapped in France, Phoebe learns that a somebody who has disappeared is dead, and she comes in for a handsome fortune. The French part of the story is absurd, and much of the English part little less so. Characters are stuck in and do nothing, and few of them conduct themselves like flesh and blood. A pair of Lieutenants R.N. talk very much like a pair of small tradesmen; and, generally speaking, there appears to be no more refinement of language and manners than there is strictness of morality in Margate, or wherever it may be. Upon the whole, with the best wishes for the lodging-letting interest, if this book prove to be true, we shall certainly take our trip inland in the ensuing autumn, at the risk of never seeing "The Sportsman" or the "Foy Boat" again.

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON AND THE UTILISATION OF SEWAGE.

The Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee of the Corporation of London have just presented a report on this subject to the Court of Common Council, containing the following conclusions:—

The committee, having maturely considered the report of Baron Liebig, the greatest known authority upon agricultural chemistry, are of opinion that the scheme of the Messrs. Hope and Napier, if it could be carried out, would be a glaring violation of the laws of agricultural science, from which the least possible increase to our home supplies of food would be obtained, as well as the smallest return to the ratepayers of the metropolis for their property. The committee express their extreme surprise that the Metropolitan Board of Works, who are trustees of the ratepayers, should have disposed of this large property to Messrs. Hope and Napier (who base this scheme upon the assumption of the comparative worthlessness of the sewage) until after those who ground their plan on its great value had had an opportunity afforded them of fairly testing the correctness of their opinions before Parliament, and had failed. And more especially are the committee surprised at the course adopted by the Board, when they consider the enormous benefit that would have been conferred, not only upon the ratepayers of the metropolis, but upon other cities and towns and the agriculture of the kingdom, were those who advocate the system of modern dressings and a wide distribution of sewage able to demonstrate that that system could be made commercially successful. In conclusion, the committee are of opinion that it is for the interest of the nation that a searching investigation into the system of economic utilisation should be instituted by Parliament before any steps are taken for the utilisation of the sewage of London or of any other town, and that the interest of the ratepayers of the metropolis demands that the plan of Messrs. Hope and Napier should be strenuously opposed. And, having considered the report of Mr. Hopkins, C.E., upon the scheme of Messrs. Hope and Napier, together with the answer thereto of Mr. Hemans, C.E., and of Mr. Hopkins's reply, as well as Mr. Hopkins's evidence before the Select Committee, the committee think it is an engineering impossibility to recover from the ocean the sands proposed to be reclaimed by the great embankment, except by the expenditure of so enormous a sum of money as to render the entire scheme perfectly hopeless as a commercial speculation. The committee recommend that the court should petition the House of Commons for the appointment of a Select Committee to take into consideration the best mode of utilising the sewage of the metropolis and other towns of the kingdom, and to inquire into all the plans for dealing with the sewage, and specially to report upon each of such plans, for the information of the country, with a view to secure for the ratepayers of the metropolis the greatest amount of profit from the utilisation of this property, and also that they should be authorised to take the necessary measures for opposing the Metropolitan Sewage and Essex Reclamation Bill in Parliament, which has for its object the obtaining of the sanction of Parliament to the carrying out of the arrangement entered into by Messrs. Napier and Hope and the Metropolitan Board of Works.

The report has been adopted by the Corporation.

CAUTION.—Chlorodyne.—In Chancery, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood stated that Dr. Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of such a popular medicine. He stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was the discoverer of Chlorodyne; that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. Browne's. See Times, July 13, 1864. The public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. It is affirmed by medical testimonials to be the most efficacious medicine for CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SPASMS, RHEUMATISM, &c. No home should be without it. Sold in bottles, 2s. 9d. and 1s. 6d. J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., sole manufacturer. Observe particularly, none genuine without the name "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp.

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HARDWICK'S SCIENCE GOSSIP ABOUT ANIMALS, Aquaria, Bees, Beetles, Birds, Butterflies, Ferns, Fish, Fossils, Lichens, Microscopes, Mammals, Reptiles, Rocks, Sea-weeds, &c. &c. Monthly. No. 2, February, 1865.—HARDWICK, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

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